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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE TILDEN PROCESSION, NOVEMBER 2d.—KNICKERBOCKERS TO THE FRONT FOR REFORM.—SEE PAGE 174.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
637 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 18, 1876.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established Illustrated Newspaper in America.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

We take pleasure in announcing to our readers that we shall shortly begin the publication of a new Christmas Story, written specially for the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, by the eminent English novelist, B. L. FARJEON. All who are familiar with the graces of Mr. Farjeon's style, his intimate acquaintance with human nature, his thrilling portraiture of life in all its varied phases, and his graphic powers of description, will eagerly welcome this latest production of his pen.

HISTORICAL REGISTER OF THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

FRANK LESLIE'S HISTORICAL REGISTER OF THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION has found popular favor to an extent unprecedented in the history of illustrated records of current events. Its artistic and literary merit, and the comprehensive character of its design and execution, which are fully equalled by its mechanical excellence, make it a perfect panorama of the Centennial Exposition from its inception to its close. The buildings, statuary, objects of interest and display are all reproduced with their actual surroundings. Eventful days have been represented with all their attendant pageantry, and New Yorkers, Ohioans, Pennsylvanians, Virginians, and visitors from other States on "State Days," find the events in which they participated truthfully portrayed in its pages. Visitors acknowledge it to be a perfect picture of the great Exhibition, and they are its most earnest patrons, while their indorsement and generous praise commend it to their less favored neighbors and friends. Being published in parts and delivered by carriers at periodical times, at fifty cents each part, it is within the reach of the masses, while the work, complete and bound in elegant covers, can be had by Christmas. Mr. Leslie has also arranged to secure to every subscriber to the "Register" a Souvenir in the shape of an article of utility, curiosity, ornament or art, selected from the various Foreign Departments at the Centennial Exposition. We append several extracts from the Philadelphia press, commenting on this enterprise:

"Those who have visited the Exhibition cannot fail to have noticed the extensive purchases made by Mr. Leslie. All that he has bought is to be given away to subscribers."
—*Dispatch*.

"Mr. Leslie will send into every household a present taken from those things which have been purchased and labeled 'Sold for Frank Leslie's Souvenir Distribution.'"
—*Republic*.

"Since it is considered necessary by every one to secure some appropriate Souvenir of the great Centennial Exposition, we cannot but regard it as a duty to suggest 'Frank Leslie's Historical Register of the Exposition.' No work yet published contains half the interest of this, owing to Mr. Leslie's peculiar facilities for furnishing the best illustrations and information on the subject attainable. Besides every subscriber obtains a valuable material Souvenir selected from the Exhibition."
—*Press*.

Similar commendatory notices have appeared in the *Item*, *Bulletin*, *Star*, *Transcript*, *Herald*, *World*, *Mercury* etc., etc.

A NEW DEAL.

IN every Government a frequent change in the personal holders of the administration is necessary to prevent corruptions, and also to secure the proper degree of freshness and vigor requisite to keep affairs from falling into a degenerative rut. In countries where the organic laws do not provide for such changes, bloody revolutions occur at irregular intervals, and the people can never feel secure in the enjoyment of whatever privileges the law allows them. England is, perhaps, the country of all others in which popular sentiment can be brought to bear most readily upon the Administration, and a violent revolution be the most easily avoided by constitutional measures, because there the head of the Government reigns, but does not govern, and the wishes of the people are never controverted when they are constitutionally expressed.

In our own country there is no provision made by the laws for any change of government, except at stated periods, and these occur so frequently, that there is always a disposition to wait until the proper time comes, let the grievances under which the people suffer be as oppressive and hard to bear as may be.

The Administration which will go out of office by legal limitations on the 4th of March next has retained the powers of the Government longer than any other since the formation of the Federal Union; and the fact that it has continued in power, and that the country still prospers, and the Union has been preserved, are proofs rather of the innate excellence of our governmental system, than of the wisdom of the hands to whose guidance public affairs have been intrusted.

A change was required. There was no question upon this point. While the war for the suppression of the Rebellion continued there was no disposition to effect any change. Peace must be restored, let the cost be what it might; the Union must be preserved, or all would be lost for which our ancestors fought. There was no time to waste upon trifles. Let what would happen, not a single State could be permitted to withdraw from the glorious constellation which formed the splendid galaxy which had been our pride and our boast. That feeling was sufficient to secure the Republican Party in power for eight years, and a feeling of gratitude for those who had been instrumental in preserving the Union was sufficient to keep it in power eight years longer, in spite of many serious blunders, of startling corruptions, and of too often proved incompetence of administration.

But at last a change had become necessary. The people were not willing to submit any longer to a governmental control which had become in effect a dynasty. Grantism had become odious, and the first attempt on the part of the friends of the President to give him a third term awoke such a genuine outburst of indignation on the part of the people, that there was no room for doubt what the popular sentiment was, on the subject. A new deal was required; and the opportunity for a change has been secured. We may look forward, now, with hope for better times; and the nation under the new administration of affairs will gain fresh strength, and rise to grander heights than it has ever before known, or its founders ever dreamed of.

Many grave doubts have been expressed by wise and patriotic statesmen of the prudence of submitting the Government to a thorough change of administration every four years. But it has always been said that four years of a bad Government would be too much, and that if the people wished to perpetuate a good administration, they always had the power to do it. As it has happened, eight years has been the longest term that any President has been permitted to remain at the head of the Government, although the principles of the administration have sometimes been longer continued. As, for example, the Washingtonian Government was continued during the four years' term of John Adams, and then followed the Jeffersonian Government, which was virtually extended through the administrations of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, a period of twenty-four years, to which the four years of John Quincy Adams could scarcely be called a break. But the change that was then demanded brought Jackson and Van Buren into power for twelve years, and to them succeeded a list of men whose administrations lacked character and individuality, and the result was the deplorable Rebellion, which a little good statesmanship might easily have prevented.

What followed the Rebellion we all know too well, and have felt too deeply. Sixteen years of wretchedly bad government; of maladministration; of debasing nepotism; of small men in great affairs; of knaves and imbeciles in places which required sages and patriots; of quacks and pretenders instead of honest men and heroes. It was a horrible time, take it altogether, and that the country should have survived it and prospered, is the strongest evidence that need be desired of the intrinsic wisdom of our political institutions, and the magnificent resources of our territory, whose richness has but begun to be developed.

The turmoil through which the country has just passed has been a very uncomfortable and a very costly one; but it is not without its benefits. The results might have been worse. Public peace has been preserved; the laws have not been outraged; life and property have fresh guarantees; and we all feel safe for another century of freedom and self-government. It is a great comfort to know, after such an exciting campaign as the country has passed through, that there has been less violence, less fraud, less turbulence, and a more intelligent trust in the good sense and virtue of the people, than we have ever known, although it cannot be said that we have ever before had a Presidential election which drew forth a more decided popular feeling, or on which more important interests were at stake.

We have at last got a new deal. There will be new men in Washington, and the people may now with reason look forward to a wholesome change in the administration of public affairs.

TAMPERING WITH THE AWARDS.

THE best method of conferring distinction upon exhibitors at the Centennial was made the subject of much study by the committee having the matter in charge, and it was not until after mature deliberation that the plan was adopted which has since been received with so much favor by native as well as by foreign

Commissioners. As the American system of awards was a departure from the established usage, as handed down to us from former exhibitions, it naturally challenged criticism the moment it was published. There are always conservative minds ready to condemn any radical change, and the new system proved no exception. It was thoroughly discussed, and the more it was criticised the better it appeared in the eyes of persons familiar with the serious objections which had been raised against the anonymous jury system so long followed in Europe, until there were very few left to oppose the modern improvement. When the Board of Judges met in Philadelphia for the purpose of entering upon their work, they required to be instructed in the new system. Many of them had served on foreign juries, and were familiar with the old methods of attempting to decide upon the relative merit of the objects exhibited, but were not acquainted with any exhibition where every good thing received proper mention, and they were at first particularly averse to putting their names to reports in which the reasons why an award was conferred were to be stated in clear and concise language. According to the old system of juries, the reasons for giving a medal, and the vote by which it was decided to confer it, were never divulged; the whole transaction was kept a profound secret, and there was nothing beyond the mere fact of the medal for the recipient to show to the world in proof that some distinction had been conferred upon him. In Philadelphia it was proposed to show the reasons why the awards were conferred. The Judges were to set forth the steps by which they had reached their decision, and the why and the wherefore were to be open to the inspection of the person interested, and by him could be published to the whole world. This honest, outspoken way of doing things became very popular with the foreign Judges the more they studied it, and, while it made them more careful what they said over their signatures, it also added great interest to what had formerly been regarded as a very tedious duty. Every foreign Judge was, without a single exception, a man of distinction in his own country, and an expert in the department in which he was called upon to act. A great majority of the American Judges were equally well known in their respective departments. The utmost good-will and harmony prevailed in the various groups, and lasting friendships were formed between men of kindred pursuits. The Judges early settled down to their work, and to a majority the duty devolved upon them was regarded as a very serious one. They investigated thoroughly every object presented for competition, and some of them did an amount of professional work for which, in the regular line of business, they would have been entitled to very high compensation. When a scientific man is required to attach his name to a certificate, he is apt to desire to be very certain of the accuracy of his decision; hence many of the Judges carried samples of the articles upon which they were to decide to their respective laboratories and workshops, where they could subject them to a careful analysis before forming their judgment. We doubt if so thorough a scrutiny was ever made at any previous exhibition as was bestowed by the Judges at Philadelphia. It has been objected to the awards conferred at Philadelphia that they are all of equal value—that, for example, the great Corliss engine received the same award as a mouse-trap. This objection is entirely unfounded. Although it is true that every exhibitor entitled to an award received a bronze medal identically the same as his neighbor, yet this was simply the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.

The real award and the real evidence was the certificate contained in the diploma, which is signed by the Judge who made the investigation, and is confirmed by all his colleagues on the bench. The written judgment of men of world-wide reputation is worth far more than a medal, be it of bronze or of gold. While the medal simply makes known the fact that some prize was obtained, the diploma characterizes it, and gives the reason why it was granted, in language which cannot be mistaken. The inventor of a mouse-trap may display his bronze medal, and the inventor of the Corliss engine may also exhibit a similar token, but when the judgment of the court upon these two cases is read, the public will find that the two inventors receive very far from equal testimonials. While the one is dismissed with a single sentence, the other will receive the highest encomiums as having produced an engine of the utmost value to mankind. The real value of the award is in the certificate of the Judges, and here it is that the present system differs from all former methods. The signature of the Judges is what the exhibitor wants, and the names of experts can be cited by him in proof of the merit of his invention. We hear with regret that it is proposed to overturn this admirable system

at the eleventh hour, and that a Committee of the United States Commissioners have taken upon themselves the authority to confer awards, and that they have actually done so on the representation of a few discontented exhibitors, who claim that they were overlooked by the regular Judges; and, what makes the matter worse, it is also stated, on the authority of a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, that in order to make the fresh batch of diplomas harmonize with those conferred by the Board of Judges, it is proposed to omit the names of the Judges altogether, and append those of the Director-General and the Secretary, so that all that the exhibitor will have to show will be the medal and a diploma signed by the chief officers of the Centennial, and not by the experts. Such action would render the diplomas worthless. The medal and the diploma would be put upon a level, and the objection formerly urged that everybody had received a testimonial of the same value would be true. The inventors of the mouse-trap and of the Corliss engine would have identically the same sort of document, signed by the high officials, for framing in their respective workshops. For the Commissioners to take the liberty of wiping out of existence the work of the distinguished Board of Judges who bestowed so much conscientious labor upon their reports would be an assumption of authority which we are loath to believe any body of men would venture to exercise in view of the storm of indignation to which it would inevitably give rise. If the Special Committee on Awards desire to confer testimonials upon exhibitors whose wares were not considered worthy of mention by the expert Judges, they must do so on their own responsibility, and not at the expense of all of the diplomas previously recommended and confirmed by the Board of Awards. To issue the diplomas simply with the signature of the Director-General and the Secretary, is to deprive them of the very life and soul which only the names of the distinguished experts can confer upon them. Without the certificates of the experts, the diplomas sink to the rank of the anonymous work of juries under the old system, and the immense labor of the Judges during the heat of the last Summer will have been in vain. We trust that the work of the Board of Awards will be confirmed by the Commissioners, and that any subsequent action of the Special Committee will be purely clerical, and not so revolutionary as rumor would have us believe. Any tampering with the diplomas at this late date would be an insult to the distinguished scientific men who constituted the Board of Awards, and who are now dispersed to all parts of the world, under the impression that their decisions would not be reversed by any body of men likely to come after them.

TWO TYPES.

FOR the observing man who lounges through any assemblage of his fellow-creatures, there are always peaks of individuality obtruding themselves and inviting his particular attention. By the same token there are areas and acres of humanity which can be easily studied in the lump, can be glanced at for a moment and thrown aside. As the cumulative testimony of the keen observers of human character, from the satirist of the Biblical days to the *persifleur* of the present, abundantly bears testimony, the mass of mankind is but indifferently interesting, while the special cases, the exceptions to the general rule, furnish forth the most entertaining subjects for the pen and pencil. The great concourse of people at the Centennial Grounds in Philadelphia evidences the truth of the proposition. There are thousands who are all alike, or sufficiently similar, to be dismissed with a glance. There are also those who well repay critical attention, a minor class in themselves with unmistakably generic types, whose movements, whose grotesque eccentricities, are vastly important to him who would make annotations upon the pages of the book of Life. Two of these types we propose to briefly consider.

The most notable of the curious twain is undoubtedly the one who makes mystical memorandums in a loose-leaved and yellow-covered note-book, evidently supplied in immense quantities by some enterprising capitalist, of the third or fourth class order—and by a capitalist who must have seen beforehand this enigmatical impulse of the human heart—to the separate atoms of that rural force which has kept the turnstiles latterly in the merriest of motion. For it is a patent fact that the city folk make but few jottings of what they see, save those wondrous ones, flashed in inverted outline upon the ever-ready retina, and telegraphed instantaneously to the office of the brain. The reason for the difference of action is on the surface; men and women of the city live in an atmosphere of the rumbling press and of the damp newspaper placed upon their tea-tables before the day's jaunt is ended.

Science in its most metropolitan garb does all their scheduling. With them it is merely a question of the saving of documentary evidence, and in the years to come, the glory of the Exposition will break forth at a touch from the files of the daily newspapers. Not so with the visitor whose unkempt looks are still stirred by the remembrance of the prairie breezes; not so with the man who, when at home, looks over the billowy surface of savannas never visited by the news-agent. They must be their own historians; they must embalm in the crude amber of the rhetoric which drops from their stubby pencils—held uneasily in uncouth hands—the remembrance of the millions of marvels that flash and glow and glitter before their dazed eyes. Is it any wonder that a glance over the shoulder—an impertinent glance, we grant you—of an industrious note-taker revealed the legend "ancient hieroglyphics on injun shields"? Is it any wonder that standing there behind him, in the Government Building, the wonder grew as to what the important personage would interpret to the circle of anxious listeners, when the pine-knot flare of his far-away home flickered over the memorandum of "Injun shields"? No such prospective sadness interferes, however, with the business of book and pencil, and it goes bravely on. No matter whether the subject is an original Spanish head by Murillo, the process of baking cakes in a patent oven, or an antique canoe captured from the Esquimaux, the entries are made all the same. There is something eminently whimsical in the industry with which the blunted pencils fly over the pages of the yellow pass-books, scrawling notes which will be, after the lapse of a few months, greater mysteries than the exhibits to which they refer.

There is a method in the madness of the other type, which is apparent while it defies analysis. He it is who collects cards, pamphlets, bound-books, circulars, ornamental display-bills, and every other variety of printing and lithographic art adopted by the ingenious exhibitor for making the fame of his special article or process world-wide. Every man in the vast army of exhibitors has something to give away in paper or card form, and he finds a never-failing respondent in him of whom we speak. Meet him in the morning and he is but sparsely laden with the fruits of his perambulation. Encounter him in the afternoon, and an opportunity is afforded to see what a really taking personage he is. Under his left arm is a portentous pile of nondescript advertising missives, to which his foraging dexter hand constantly brings accessions. There is absolutely no discrimination; everything is taken that is free to be appropriated. There is literature in his daily collection embracing exhaustive accounts of the various exhibits, from a hint of the construction of the Corliss engine to a flamboyant account of the manufacture of pop-corn. At six o'clock in the afternoon this particular type squeezes through the exit-gate and lumbers out of view in the howling throng beyond. Where does he go? What does he do with the hundreds and thousands of documents, grasped as tightly as if they were deeds to a gold-mine? Does he read them? If so, what must his mental condition necessarily be in time! Does he ponder over the rock-crushing machine, or the sausage apparatus, and try to devise improvements that shall lead to an opulent future? Is he an insane patentee who never had a model accepted at the Washington office? Or is he a wholesale dealer in waste-paper?

POLITICAL CONVICTION.

THE law of man's social nature defined as patriotism is rather a result of reason and reflection than an instinctive attribute. A learned English writer once said of the phrase, "Our Country," that it is merely "a complex abstract existence, recognized only by the understanding." In days of election excitement, when the public mind is wrought up, as it has lately been, to a high degree of tension by conflicting theories as to the proper system to adopt for advancing the national prosperity, it is important that this abstract notion be reduced to the clearest possible terms, in order that it may be brought definitely within the grasp of popular comprehension. This purpose, it may in a sense be said, is one of the leading functions performed in our politics by party divisions. Lofty and significant ideas are, for the most part, far beyond the reach of the great mass of mankind, if they are presented only in abstract expression. They must be embodied in some concrete form in order to invest them with power. Every great idea thus receives its most potent elucidation through some symbolical agency, such as may appeal at once to the intellect or the emotional nature of humanity. It is so in religion and art, and it is no less so in the domain of social speculation. In political creeds the abstract love of country finds its concrete expression, and under whichever of the sometimes numerous opposing party flags the citizen may enroll himself, he is availing himself of a convenient symbol for giving expression

to an elevated abstract sentiment. It is in this way that the higher range of personal views, which in their aggregate results constitute the philosophical basis of national policy, are alone susceptible of practical interpretation. The diverse views of individual thinkers are thus massed into compact statement, in an orderly fashion, so that their salient antagonisms may be conveniently perceived, and issue may be joined on their vital points.

Political beliefs, accordingly, in the strict sense of party, are the concentration of the best judgment of every community as to what will conduce to its own material advantage, and the varied form which this judgment assumes has, through all history, been recognized as the mainspring of social progress. The ingenious philosopher of the last century who undertook to maintain the thesis that "private vices are public benefits," pointed his paradox by assuming the idea of a perfectly virtuous and contented community. In such a state of affairs the public welfare suffered terribly. Commerce languished, enterprise was paralyzed for lack of competitive incentive, active energy degenerated into listless indolence, and the slothful drones of the fable became the easy prey of any active swarm that chose to light upon their territory. There must be competition to exert a vitalizing influence over ideas, as well as in trade, of which the proverb says it is "the soul." The dust which arises from the attrition of earnest intellects is the pollen that fructifies the whole reasonable world. It is the duty of every citizen, particularly of citizens of a free country like ours, to bestow upon the political questions which environ him sufficient careful thought to enable him to define his attitude as regards party issues with unequivocal emphasis. He must enroll himself under one flag or the other if he desires to fulfill his function as an intelligent citizen who loves his country. He may not find himself in full accord in many minor points with either of the competing forces, but he must take sides in the direction of his general convictions, unless he is willing to waste his highest prerogative in futile contest against a state of things he, single-handed, is powerless to correct. He must do more than station himself beneath a banner whose folds may envelop him in shadow. If he be a true man, with any heroic ingredient in his disposition, he will carry his own flag, elevated high in the air, where all who list may read its emblazonment. The man who, in times of national struggle, has no flag, or who conceals his colors through apprehension of the result, is devoid of manly courage and is a thoroughly contemptible citizen. There is a moral principle underlying the idea of courageous, self-assertion which extends far beyond the sphere of politics, but nowhere more than in politics is its steadfast exercise more essential. The man who holds his political principles as an uncomfortable possession which others may struggle and strive for, is more blindly selfish than the most bigoted partisan who rants the praises of his party on the sidewalks. The patriot scorns to discount the contingencies of defeat. The coward, however, has that always in his mind. Only in the full tide of a success which he had no hand in achieving will he venture to cast off his mask, while in case of a reverse he will witness without wincing the discomfiture of those he is afraid to acknowledge as his allies. If, as occasionally happens, such a man manages to gain a position denied to honest and bolder men than himself, it only furnishes an additional proof of the way in which Fortune sometimes dispenses her favors upon society's knaves as well as her heroes.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 4, 1876.

Monday.....109%	Thursday.....109%
Tuesday.....110 @ 109%	Friday.....109%
Wednesday...109% @ 110	Saturday.....109% @ 109%

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

FAST MAILS.—Prominent Post-office officials are of the opinion that the Post-office commission now investigating the subject of railway mail transportation will recommend the re-establishment of the fast mail trains, and will support the recommendation by strong evidence of their necessity. The testimony taken in nearly all of the Western States is singularly unanimous in favor of the restoration of this system. It is certain, however, that none of the railroads will restore these fast mails unless increased compensation is given.

THIS YEAR'S HARVEST.—The crop returns for October, as prepared at the Department of Agriculture, indicate a reduction in the yield of wheat of nearly one-sixth, while the quality is somewhat superior. The yield is about 245,000,000 bushels. The rye crop of 1876 is reported four per cent. less than that of 1875, but in quality it averages somewhat above its predecessor. The barley crop of the country yields about six per cent. less than last year. On the basis of the October returns, the oat crop of 1876 shows a falling-off of twenty-three per cent. The general harvest of

cotton is more advanced than usual. The future of the present season cannot make the crop a deficient one.

A CENTENNIAL CANARD.—A report was widely circulated in Philadelphia, November 5th, to the effect that the Main Building of the Centennial Exhibition had been robbed of diamonds valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars, and caused general wonder and regret. It was stated that two men, who claimed to be American hunters, had occupied a small tenement on the grounds since the opening of the Exhibition, and had tunneled away from their lodging to the treasure, which they reached by cutting through the bottom of the case. Few persons questioned the truth of the story, which, on inquiry, proved untrue.

THE CLOSING PROGRAMME.—The Committee of the Commission having in charge the ceremonies of the closing-day have finally agreed upon the principal features of the exercises proposed to commemorate the event. They provide for salutes to be fired at sunrise and noon of November 10th by a battery stationed at George's Hall; the first of thirteen guns in honor of the thirteen original States, and the latter of forty-seven guns, one for each State and Territory of the present day. Both salutes will be repeated by the United States steamer *Plymouth*, Captain Barrett, at her moorings on the Delaware River. Brief remarks will be made by D. J. Morrill, Chairman of the Executive Committee; John Welsh, President of the Centennial Board of Finance; A. T. Goshorn, Director-General, and General J. R. Hawley, President of the United States Centennial Commission. The orchestral and choral music will be under the direction of Theodore Thomas. Among those invited are the President of the United States and members of the Cabinet, Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, the Diplomatic Corps, the General of the Army, members of Congress, foreign Commissioners, Governors of States and Territories, mayors of principal cities and the Fairmount Park Commissioners. At the request of the United States Centennial Commissioners the President of the United States has consented to be present, and will discharge, in his official capacity, the duty of finally and formally closing the International Exhibition of 1876.

THE SIOUX WAR.—We have already referred to the recent success of our military commanders in the West, in convincing the Indians of the utter futility of their struggle against the Government. Happily, severe battles were not required to achieve the purpose. The establishment of posts on the Yellowstone and Tongue Rivers has been a severe and fatal blow to the hostile Indians. It deprives them of their last place of safe refuge, and cuts them off from the great buffalo-range of the North. So long as they could raid on the borders in the Spring and Summer and retire in safety there in the Winter they cared very little for the hostility of the troops, and welcomed war as an exciting pastime in which they could indulge with comparative safety. All that is now over; the tramp of the soldier and the ax-blow of the pioneer are heard in the last hunting-ground of the Sioux, and they know they must either surrender or perish. The attack by our troops which followed the remarkable but futile parley between General Miles and Sitting Bull was successful, and though the Indians suffered very little loss in men, they seem to have become completely demoralized. Taking advantage of Sitting Bull's retreat, two powerful bands, the Minneconjous and the Sans Arcs, deserted the hostile camp and surrendered to General Miles, giving up five of their principal chiefs as hostages for their good faith. This was really a great success. It has taken his principal warriors from Sitting Bull, and left that remarkable savage a wanderer and a fugitive. The victory is none the less important for being comparatively bloodless.

THE SEASON'S SPORTS.—The devotees of field sports and athletic exercises generally find their occupations ended for the Centennial Year. The *Herald*, which is excellent authority on the subject, says, emphatically, that the past season has been one of extraordinary brilliancy. The turf not only showed signs of growth, but gave promise of still greater popularity and permanence. In the South there was something like a revival of the old-fashioned sporting habits of the people. At Washington, Baltimore, Long Branch and Saratoga the meetings were unusually good. The races at Jerome Park were even more brilliant than usual, and the new game of polo also made great strides in popular favor during the year, and as it becomes better known is achieving a popularity second to no attraction on the sporting calendar. These events are a fitting close to the sports of as great a year as the American Centennial, when the skill of all the world came here to contend in friendly rivalry for distinguished honors. On the Schuylkill, English and Irish rowing clubs contended with our own to carry off the honors of the oar. At Creed-moor, too, the Irish, Scotch, Australian and Canadian riflemen gallantly, but vainly, tried to grasp the honors which our American team had so nobly won and still more nobly wear. As the first fruits of this victory the English riflemen can scarcely fail to come here next year to contend for the championship of the world, and, altogether, we ought to have a sporting season almost, if not altogether, as brilliant as the one which has just closed. In no other part of the world is there a more magnificent field for outdoor sports.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.—A Washington dispatch of October 29th says: "The reckless squandering of public money by the Republican Party can scarcely be believed by the people at large. The following is a fair specimen: The official organization of the State Department is made up, as per Legislative and Executive Appropriation Bill, of the Secretary and three assistants, five chiefs of bureaux, forty-one clerks, one translator and one lithographer—or fifty-two persons. These have occupied for the last ten years a building on which a rental of \$15,000 was paid, but, in 1871, Mullet planned a new

building for the State and War Departments, and over \$5,000,000 has been appropriated on it so far. The wing, solely devoted to the State Department, is the only one finished, and after having been plumbed and lighted by Boss Shepherd, it will have cost \$3,500,000, exclusive of the site. It is estimated that eight per cent. of the investment in granite, bricks, iron, chandeliers, and frescoing will give \$280,000, or an office rental of \$5,770 for each of the fifty-two officials. To keep these officials comfortably warm it takes \$10,000 for fuel, and \$5,080 for wages of engineer and assistant-engineer, and four firemen, or an additional \$290 per head. To keep the squad of watchmen out of the dark and a few street-lamps in trim costs \$3,000 more; and what can be thought of the habits of this Republican gentry, when the fact is that twenty charwomen are employed to sweep the Axminster carpets? It will be remembered that Mullet, bowed out of office by Bristow, has been taken back to the bosom of Secretary Lot M. Morrill.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Kansas Pacific Railroad was placed in the hands of a receiver.

JOHN L. ROUITT was inaugurated as the first Governor of the State of Colorado on the 3d inst.

THE Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States held its annual session at Reading, Pa.

A FALSE alarm of fire in a Chinese theatre in San Francisco occasioned a panic and the loss of twenty lives.

THE Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn reiterated the expression of Mr. Beecher's innocence.

A QUANTITY of Brigham Young's property was sold to provide the alimony for Ann Eliza Young granted by the Court.

GOVERNOR TILDEN issued a proclamation calling upon all public officers to be vigilant in detecting and punishing all persons found using money illegally during election day.

FOUR hundred lodges of Indians, belonging to the Cheyennes, surrendered to General Miles, October 27th, and five of the principal chiefs of the tribes were delivered as hostages.

GENERAL GILES A. SMITH, who served with distinction at the capture of Fort Henry and Donelson, and Shiloh, Corinth, and other fields, died in Bloomington, Illinois, November 5th, aged 48.

FOUR participants in the late Walker-Weeden prize fight at Penn's Grove, N. J., and the surviving principal, were found guilty of manslaughter. Three were sentenced to six years' imprisonment and two to two years.

AMID the booming of cannon on George's Hill, Centennial Grounds, and on board the United States steamer *Plymouth*, in the harbor at Philadelphia, President Grant will formally close the great Exhibition on Friday, 10th inst.

GENERAL MILES had an unsuccessful council with Sitting Bull on the 21st ult., and shortly after a battle, in which he drove the Indians a distance of sixty miles, when they separated. Two days after the fight Sitting Bull sent word to the agent at Fort Peck that he was coming in, and would be friendly, but wanted ammunition. On the 30th the Sioux attacked a village of five hundred lodges of friendly Shoshones, and killed all but one of the tribe.

Foreign.

IN case of war between Russia and Turkey, France is pledged to neutrality.

GENERAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS, the new Governor-General of Cuba, landed at Havana with fresh troops.

THE periodical famine has broken out in Bombay, and extreme suffering is reported in six districts.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI, the Pope's chief adviser, died in his palace at Rome, on the 6th, aged seventy years.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON issued a decree pardoning or commuting the sentences of fifty-three Communists.

THE Spanish army in the Basque Provinces will be reinforced, and General Quesada continued in command.

RUSSIAN papers regard the speech of the German Emperor at the opening of Parliament as a direct menace to France.

THE dwelling of the Austrian Consul at Sarajevo, Bosnia, was burned, and the Turks were charged with the deed.

INUNDATIONS in the interior of Cuba, which caused great damage in some of the richest districts, were reported.

DR. SLADE, the American medium, was sentenced in London to three months' confinement at hard labor under the Vagrant Act.

THE Spanish Premier declared before a meeting of Deputies that the Government was determined to hold Cuba at any cost.

THE great maritime canal connecting Amsterdam, Holland, with the German Ocean, was formally opened by the King, November 1st.

IN the election of members of the Italian Chamber of Deputies on Sunday, 141 Progressists and 28 Moderates were returned at last report.

UPON the assembling of the Roumanian Senate and Chamber of Deputies in extraordinary session, Prince Charles announced his intention to remain neutral.

THE Montenegrin army took the offensive, bombarded Podgoriza and penetrated into Albania via Medun. A formal declaration of war against Turkey was made.

DUKE DECAZES notified United States Minister Washburne that the letter reflecting upon the Centennial Commissioners and American women, and alleged to have been written by M. Du Sommerard, was apocryphal.

THE Russian Ambassador at Constantinople demanded of the Porte, within forty-eight hours, the acceptance of an armistice, and an order for the suspension of hostilities. The Turks granted the demand, November 1st.

THE Serbian army appears to have been completely demoralized in the great fight of the 29th ult., and the Russians, fighting hard and stubbornly, expressed the utmost contempt for the natives on account of their cowardice.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 175.



TURKEY.—SERVIAN SOLDIERS DANCING THE KOLO DURING THE ARMISTICE.



AUSTRALIA.—TRAVELING MERCHANTS ARRIVING AT AN ABORIGINAL STATION.



IRELAND.—FATAL FERRYBOAT ACCIDENT IN YOUGHAL HARBOR, COUNTY CORK.



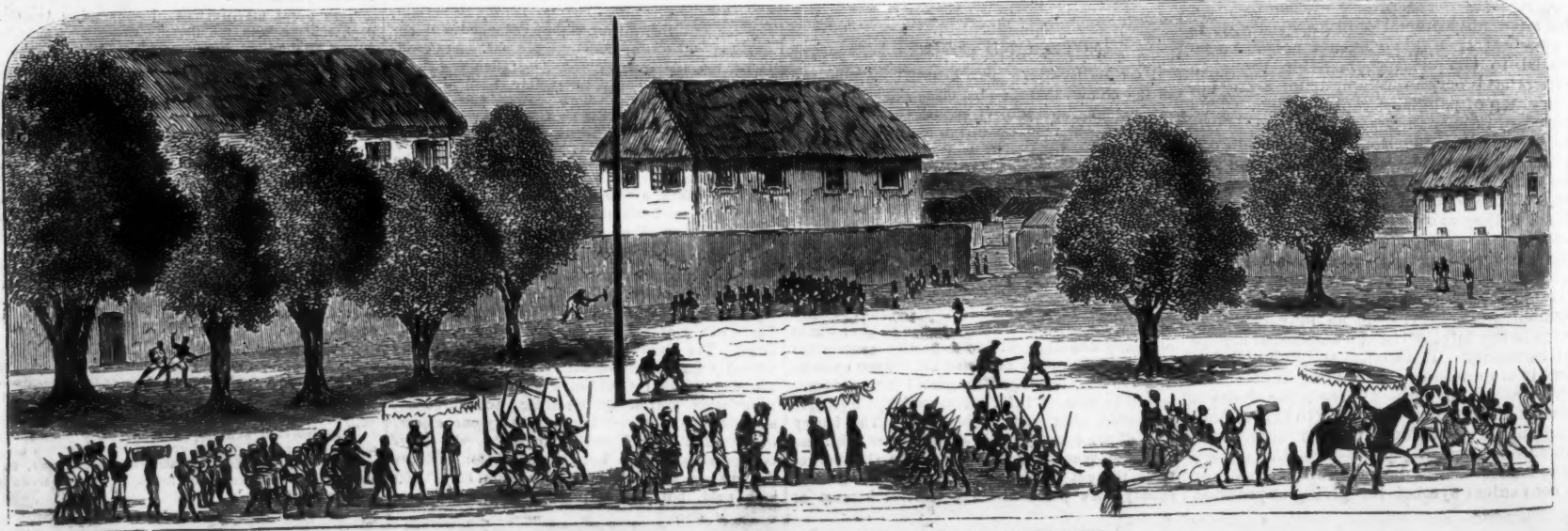
TURKEY.—SHEPHERDS AND THEIR FLOCKS AT IVANITZA.



RUSSIA.—CONTRIBUTING TO A SERVIAN CAUSE IN A PUBLIC GARDEN AT ST. PETERSBURG.



AFRICA.—INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO AND GENERAL OSMONT AT ONCHDA.



AFRICA.—A PROCESSION OF DAHOMEY CHIEFS, WITH THEIR SLAVES AND NATIVE BANDS.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—ROWELL'S NEWSPAPER PAVILION.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

ROWELL'S NEWSPAPER BUILDING, ON THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.

AMERICANS are newspaper readers, to a man—almost to a child. When, therefore, each man, woman and child of the six or eight million people who have thus far attended the Centennial Exhibition are offered a comfortable room and the latest news from his, her, or its own particular home, the enterprise should receive due notice and commendation. Such we will give the enterprise of the managers of the Centennial Newspaper Building—the advertising agents, Messrs. G. P.

ent, and make yourself at home." The home into which he is thus cordially welcomed is, moreover, a very pleasant one. Without any pretensions to imposing architectural effect, it is simple, elegant and neat. Its length is 67 feet; its width, 46 feet; its height, 33 feet. It is admirably lighted and ventilated by long rows of windows, and a large lantern roof. Open on all sides, it catches every breath of air, and on one side the air is cooled by passing over the lake, opposite Frank Leslie's Pavilion, on the border of which the building is pleasantly situated. One may at first wonder how from the 8,000 papers, among them such mighty sheets as the New York Herald, he is to get at the small, loved print of his home, thousands of miles away, it may be, over the Rocky Mountains. But the management is so simple that by consulting the catalogue any one can at once find the paper he wants. They are pigeon-holed on shelves in the alphabetical order of their States, Territories or their towns, the names of which are clearly labeled on the shelves. Thus the newspapers of Abbeville, in Alabama, would be found on the first shelf, and those of Laramie City, in Wyoming, on the last; but anybody in difficulties has only to apply to O. G. Moses, the Superintendent, J. C. Lea, his aide-de-camp, or any one of the eight superintendents, who, "all pineapples of politeness," are ready to execute his orders as if they bodily belonged to him. If he would like to take notes or write, he has, in two galleries which run round the upper part of the building, his choice of some thirty desks, with pens, ink and paper, all provided, of course, gratis; or if he has ladies with him, or friends with whom he wants to have a perfectly private chat, there are at his disposal two or three private rooms comfortably fitted up.

The 8,000 and odd American newspapers exceed the combined issues of all the other nations of the earth. One is somewhat surprised to find that of this number no less than 6,235, or more than three-fourths, are weekly.

The State of New York naturally supplies the largest number, 1,818; in the city alone there are considerably over 400. Next comes Pennsylvania, with 738, Philadelphia contributing over 160. Then come Ohio, Iowa, Missouri, and Indiana, all outstripping, one is surprised to find, that model State and centre of enlightenment, Massachusetts, though she issues nearly 350. It is worthy of remark that the West, young and raw as it is, seems more go-ahead and enterprising in journalism than the refined and venerable East. California already ranks fourth in the number of its dailies. For five years six new journals, on an average, have been started in America every day; but as the old ones die out, the actual increase during that time has not been much over 2,000.

EUGENE SCHUYLER,

UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

MR. SCHUYLER, who has recently become so well known through his investigation of the Bulgarian atrocities, is not merely a diplomat, but also a thorough scholar—one of that very small class of statesmen of whom our country has only too few at present engaged in its service. He is now thirty-six years old, and has been employed in our foreign service for the past nine years.

Born in Ithaca, N. Y., the son of the Hon. George W. Schuyler, he is descended from the Schuylers of Revolutionary fame. During his boyhood he was remarkable not only for his studious habits, but also for great activity of mind and versatility of talent. Before he was fourteen he had not only displayed great fondness for the study of languages, but had also made considerable progress in botany and natural history, besides evincing no small talent for music. Entering Yale at fifteen, he graduated in 1859, standing fifth in his class. The next two years were spent in New Haven, in the pursuit of a post-graduate course of study, as a result of which he obtained the degree of Ph.D., being one of the first three upon whom that degree was conferred in this country. On leaving New Haven, he entered the Columbia College Law School, and after graduating there was for several years engaged in the practice of law in New York City. Although very successful as a young lawyer, his strong taste for the study of literature and languages prompted him, during the whole of this time, to devote his leisure moments to those more congenial pursuits, his first literary venture being published in the North American Review early in 1863. During the visit of the Russian fleet to this country in 1862 he became quite intimate with some of the officers, and even received instruction in the Russian language from one of the number. This study he subsequently continued un-

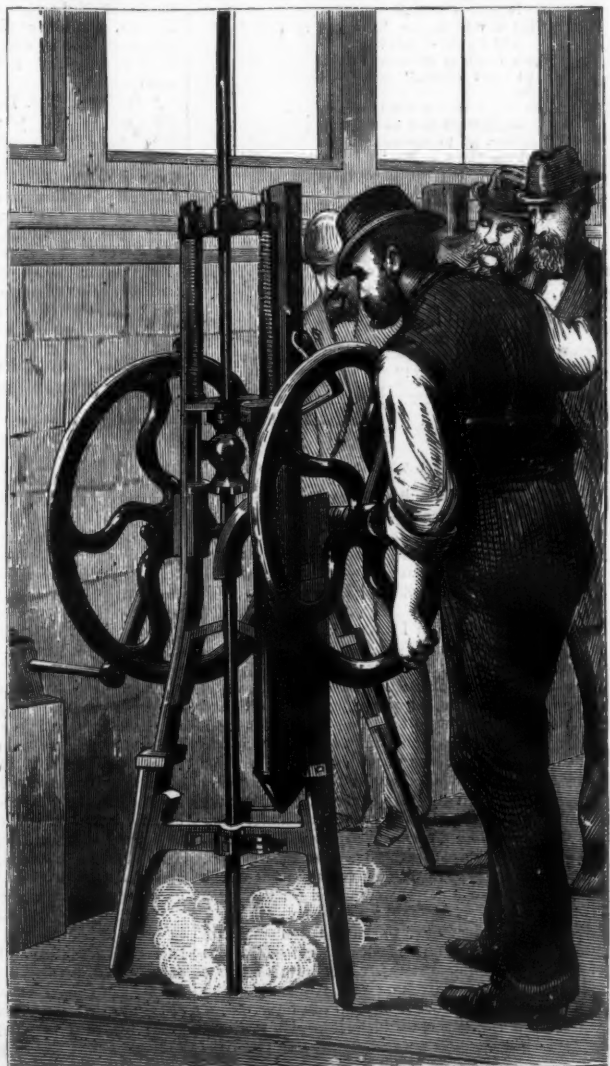
der the tuition of the priest of the Greek Chapel in New York. His translation of "Turgenev's Fathers and Sons" from the original, following shortly after, attested his mastery over that extremely difficult language. About this time the post of Consul at Moscow happening to be vacant, Mr. Schuyler, at the suggestion of his friends, applied for the position, and, as there was very



EUGENE SCHUYLER, UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

Rowell & Co., of New York. Our special artists have made a sketch of the interior of their much-resorted-to building on the Exhibition Grounds, back of the United States Government display. Here you may see any one, or, if you like, all of the "8,129 newspapers published regularly in the United States." The visitor is not only permitted as a favor to see them, but he is invited, nay pressed, to confer the favor of entering the building and calling for what paper he likes. As he passes the entrance his eye is caught by some such kindly and courteous invitation as—"Come in and see a paper from your home." "Write your name in the register, give your card to the superintend-

Philadelphia contributing over 160. Then come Ohio, Iowa, Missouri, and Indiana, all outstripping, one is surprised to find, that model State and centre of enlightenment, Massachusetts, though she issues nearly 350. It is worthy of remark that the West, young and raw as it is, seems more go-ahead and enterprising in journalism than the refined and venerable East. California already ranks fourth in the number of its dailies. For five years six new journals, on an average, have been started in America every day; but as the old ones die out, the actual increase during that time has not been much over 2,000.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE VICTOR ROCK-DRILL, IN MACHINERY HALL.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 174.

little competition, had no great difficulty in securing his commission. During the two years of his residence in Moscow, he employed his leisure in the study of the Eastern European languages, and in travels through numerous portions of the vast Russian domain. After the election of Grant to the Presidency, his successor at Moscow having been appointed, he was transferred to the consulship at Reval. Before proceeding to his new post, however, he made the acquaintance of Mr. Curtin, who had just reached St. Petersburg, and who, quickly recognizing the value of his services and attainments, soon sought and obtained his appointment as Secretary of Legation at that port. This position he retained for nearly seven years, serving through the successive terms of Curtin, Orr and Jewell, and several months with Mr. Boker, and gaining for himself in European diplomatic circles a reputation second to that of none other of our foreign representatives. Shortly after the arrival of Mr. Orr at St. Petersburg, Mr. Schuyler, with the permission of the Russian Government, accompanied the Khivan Expedition. A short report to our Government on the subject of this expedition, in which he did not hesitate to criticize the action of the Russian authorities, was indiscreetly allowed to be made public, and for a time Mr. Schuyler's position at St. Petersburg was an embarrassing one. But it was soon shown that his criticisms had been perfectly just, and it was not long before it became apparent that their object, General Kaufmann, had fallen under a cloud at court. Having become tired of the extremely rigorous climate of St. Petersburg during last spring, Mr. Schuyler succeeded in obtaining a transfer to Constantinople, where, in addition to his duties as Secretary of Legation, he also discharged those of Consul-General for Turkey. It was almost immediately after his arrival at his new post that he started upon his Bulgarian expedition, the reports upon which have already brought him into such wide notice. Since his return from the Khivan Expedition he has been engaged in the preparation of an elaborate work on his travels in Central Asia. This work, which has been very favorably noticed by the London Times, has just been published, and will undoubtedly materially add to the already well-earned reputation of its author.

HARD OF HEARING.

BY
EDGAR FAWCETT.

I HAVE an aunt, a genial dame,
Three-score years old;
Erect and stately is her frame,
Of portly mold.
Her life is flawless, all agree,
In thought and act;
But she is very deaf, and she
Denies the fact.

From her town-mansion I can ill
Myself absent,
Since I am mentioned in her will
To some extent.
And oh! the torments I go through,
Whenever I call!
I wonder how I manage to
Endure them all!

I tell her it's a pleasant day.
With tones of joy
She murmurs in the blandest way:
"You funny boy!"
I ask about her cough, and sigh
Through all my soul
When laughingly informed that I
Am very droll!

I say "Dear Aunt, I'm glad your eyes
Pain you no more."
She answers, "Yes, but exercise
Is such a bore!"
"What novels, auntie, have you read
And liked, of late?"
"Upon religious matters, Fred,
I can't debate."

"You ought to see the nice new pla
At Booth's you know."
"I seldom go to funerals; they
Depress me so."
"Dear aunt, I'm real hard up again,
And felt that you"
"A cup of tea? Just ring for Jane,
I'd like one, too."

And thus the smooth colloquial stream
Flows sweetly by;
And if I venture one good scream,
My aunt will cry:
"Speak lower, Fred, I must exhort!
It sounds so queer
To have you talk as though you thought
I couldn't hear!"

A LOVERS' QUARREL.

A FASHION-PLATE AT A PICNIC.

IT was a bright day in the Forest of St. Germain; and where are bright days more cheerful? Mr. Odo Clare, gentleman and lover, was also in very high spirits on that day, because he had every reason to be pleased with his outlooks in life for the next half-century, as far as they could be surveyed from the vantage-ground of the Pavilion Henri IV. that radiant summer weather. In the first place, dear little Mrs. Nugent had gotten up the most enchanting picnic possible, and had invited thither Mrs. Annabel Lee, a sister widow, only nineteen years old, and fresh as a daisy half gathered in the hands of a child. Indeed, there was a dispute at the "Jockey Clobber" in Paris, where there are many similar controversies, as to whether Mrs. Lee could fairly be accused of having married at all. It is true, and the facts were of public notoriety—firstly, that she had once had a cousin who was a large landholder in Yorkshire; secondly, that this cousin, "Handsome Jack Lee," had espoused her in the sight of numerous persons convened for the occasion; and, moreover, that the wedding was alleged, on creditable testimony, to have taken place in accordance with certain prudential considerations affecting adjoining estates. But at this point "Lor John Lee, Barronet and Esquire," as he was called at the Jockey Clobber, abruptly disappeared from contemporary histories. He was said to have been a young man of a sanguine constitution, who had perhaps taken too much grand tour, money, and boisterous enjoyment; so it happened that on his wedding-day, which was also the day of his majority, he had died quite suddenly. The robust new life, all full of amusements and promise, had gone out of him as he stood up in the entrance-

hall of his ancient manor-house to thank his tenants for drinking his health. He had passed away just as the old dependents of his house were welcoming home his wife with cheers which rang through the topmost branches of his ancestral oaks and elms, till they startled some black crow of evil omen there. Certain it is, that "Handsome Jack" left his wife a widow before she had put aside her crown of orange-flowers; so, after the unfortunate event had been hushed up, and she had been soothed and comforted, she found herself in the most convenient position imaginable. She was a rich and charming young woman, who was absolutely her own mistress, and owed allegiance to nobody save the Queen's Majesty, to whom she paid taxes, and Mrs. Grundy, to whom she was constrained to offer up a reluctant homage whenever she resided in England—a reason that may possibly have encouraged her in a taste for traveling, which began to develop itself in the second year after her bereavement.

Mr. Odo Clare, though not so interesting a person as the beautiful woman above-mentioned, was, at least, equally fortunate. It was generally known that he had the best partridge-shooting in Norfolk, which is saying a very great deal for him. Then he had a yacht, with a piano on board, and a crew from which could be picked ten men who could sing harmoniously together, while their mates fulfilled their duties before the mast. He had a marine villa near Cowes, a bald-faced house on a moor in Perthshire, a commodious residence in Park Lane, and a chateau at Cannes, besides a net forty thousand pounds a year, invested by a prudent and happily deceased father in the elegant simplicity of United States bonds, to prevent his landed property and houses from ruining him.

Two such sufficient and unincumbered incomes as those of Mrs. Annabel Lee and Mr. Odo Clare were evidently made by an all-seeing Providence for each other, and so thought Mrs. Nugent, as well as most other ladies and gentlemen in good society, because no one had the smallest interest in thinking otherwise, the young people having themselves plainly made up their minds on the subject. So immutably were their inclinations fixed, indeed, that some observers had frequently remarked a certain shrillness or even breeziness of manner in Mrs. Lee, whenever Mr. Clare's horses did not trot fifteen miles an hour to take him to a place of waiting for her, wherever she pleased to go; while other observers had noted with equal perspicacity the morose and suicidal aspect of Mr. Clare, whenever Mrs. Lee conversed affably with any native of France, who was neither a lady nor under the age of eighty nor entirely disqualified for matrimonial competitive examinations.

They had both made a firm friend of dear little Mrs. Nugent, who was, besides, the kindest, best, most accommodating creature in the world. That lady had arranged the picnic above mentioned especially for them, and had only invited three of her own particular escort, solemnly vowed never to look at any one but herself, and a few firmly engaged people, warranted to appear only in strict attendance upon each other.

Mrs. Lee and Mr. Clare were, therefore, thrown naturally together in the shady walks of the forest, while the thrush and the black-bird piped around them, and the wild flowers stole silently out from their recesses amidst the ferns and hollows to look and listen. It was evident that a crisis was at hand, when, perhaps, Titania, jealous of being disturbed amidst the sylvan glades as she lunched with Oberon, may have commanded Puck to torment them for a short while.

"So," said Mrs. Lee, with a demure smile, "I am glad to hear you are going to be married to that Lady Strange, who had a nice time at Trouville. Mrs. Morrison told me about it—let me see, when was it? Oh, ages ago—the day before yesterday." The fair creature concluded these remarks in a tart, not to say jerky manner, and a keen-eyed physiognomist might have detected a passing twinge of acute pain upon her sweet lips.

Mr. Clare looked up amazed at his tormentress, and there was an expression of infinite indulgence and tenderness in the honest Englishman's face as he besought her not to plague him any more that day.

The lady was silent, perhaps because she was moved by the melancholy pathos of his appeal, for Mr. Clare, like most of his countrymen, was a shamefaced sort of lover, very submissive and obedient; perhaps because she was preparing to hit him again.

The pair walked on in silence, but any one who had taken exact notes of their deportment would have observed with more or less surprise that, though the day was fair, and the scenery around so lovely that it seemed to have been created by Pleasure as the abode of Beauty, Mrs. Lee made as many ugly faces as a naughty child, and was perpetually turning her head away from Mr. Clare that she might look spiteful and impatient without being seen by him.

Meanwhile, as she apparently declined to converse with him amicably, while the preparations for a feast such as Boccaccio described and Watteau painted, were going on under the trees, he had leisure to admire the costume which she wore till every hue and fold of it was impressed upon his memory. Subsequently, when talking over these events in the privacy of an afternoon tea, the present writer asked dear little Mrs. Nugent, who was always good-natured, to describe the dress which Mrs. Lee had on that memorable morning, and his hostess with great volubility, but in an unknown tongue, replied as follows:

"Oh, Mr. Palimpsest, Annabel's dress is always in good taste; never loud in color, or stiff and rustling in texture. Her costume was composed of gray silk in three different shades. The underskirt was of pearl-gray taffetas, with three rows of plissé or kilted graduated and in a darker shade of gray. Over this skirt, *demi-courte*, she wore a robe *polonoise*, also in gris perle, but of a different material to the under-skirt, softer and more yielding to the figure than the taffetas. It seemed to mold her form into elegant and easy proportions, leaving her plenty of breathing-room. I think it was *crêpe de chine* or *foulard de l'Inde*. This polonoise was almost as long as the under-skirt in front,

but at the sides it was divinely looped up with ribbons *à deux faces*, one side being of the lightest shade, and the other of the darkest. These minute attentions to detail made the toilet very effective. The polonoise was buttoned from right to left over the chest with tiny silk buttons, extending down to the edge of the skirt, which was trimmed like the under one, with a plissé of darker shade, under which was a white *crêpe lisse plissé* corresponding with the ruffles and neck trimming. There was a pocket on the right side of her dress which was quite a marvel of prettiness, as ornamental as useful. The bow with floating ends, which seemed to hold secure the contents of the pocket, was most artistically made, showing the different shades of color alternately. It looked like a little bird perched there with outspread wings of a darker color than its body. A cascade of the same soft texture and color as the polonoise, embroidered in floss silks, and trimmed around with a mossy-looking silk fringe, seemed to be rather a precaution against cold than a completion of the toilet, as it was lined with lightly wadded white silk, and seemed to hang upon the arm of Count Petit-Pas, after Annabel had dismissed Mr. Clare." Here the kindly narrator expressed much proper sympathy with that gentleman to the dazed and listening Briton, whose ears drank in her story. Then she continued: "Her hat was like the dearest little bird's nest, made of the tips of ostrich feathers of that silvery shade of gray, which is nearly white without being gairish. The only part of the foundation of the hat visible was a very narrow border of black velvet, round which was twisted a long, white *crêpe lisse* scarf, which served at need as a cravat likewise, by bringing the ends round under the chin. It seemed to be artfully chosen to give a vapory or ethereal aspect to Annabel, and it harmonized charmingly with her complexion, which is delicate and diaphane. Even the smallest accessories of her toilet were faultless. Her gloves were deliciously made to her measure, and carefully assorted to the color of her dress. Her boots, which were the envy of all her broad-footed friends, must have cost the maker a new last; no form previously existing could ever possibly have been small enough. Her boots were quite a triumph of art; high in heel, higher still in the instep, choicer than the choicest miracles of M. Jules Ferry, they seemed as though they grew upon her tiny feet without a crease or a wrinkle. They might have served as models for next 'World's Fair,' or the International Exhibition of 1878, which is, or is not, to be held at Paris, unless another spell of revolutionary weather should suddenly set in."

Such, according to the unimpeachable testimony herein quoted, was the dainty dame who now walked side by side with Mr. Odo Clare, gentleman and lover, making such strange grimaces, and twitching in every limb from suppressed wickedness and impatience.

It is unnecessary, because it would be painful, perhaps libelous, to follow the conversation which ensued between Mr. Odo Clare and Mrs. Annabel Lee. The lady's discourse was wholly made up of wasp-stings, and anybody who has seen one of those malevolent flies fall upon a drone and do him to death may imagine the state to which Mr. Clare was reduced about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the beautiful termagant went away on the arm of Count Petit-Pas, amidst silvery peals of laughter somewhat vixenish, leaving Mr. Clare, a gentleman of royal descent, whose name was short for Clarence, standing with his hat pulled over his eyes in solitary grandeur near his drag, while his two grooms, instinctively aware of what was going on, were fumbling with the team's curb-chains, having their tongues in their plump English cheeks.

The present writer has never quite understood why the hero of this romance did not commit suicide that afternoon. He was clearly bound to do so in all the best interests of story-telling, but he did not. On the contrary, he went to the "Jockey Clobber" with M. le Duc de St. Fanfare, dined with an undue quantity of champagne, and telegraphed to the captain of his yacht to be ready at a quarter to eight next morning for a voyage to the North Pole. Mr. Clare was a man of decision, because he could afford to be rash and silly when he was displeased. He would, therefore, rush to Havre, play Languenet with the Duc de St. Fanfare and Count Jehan de Flamberge-au-Vent all the way down in a saloon carriage. They would arrive at Havre by daybreak if they took the midnight express, and an hour afterwards they might all three be under way for the northern lights. That was what Mr. Clare called vigor and firmness of character. Meantime, as it was only a quarter to eleven, and they could not start till twelve, they might as well, when they had finished their Chartreuse, look in at the new opera-house to hear "Aida" for the last time till their return from high latitudes.

It was with a flushed face and eyes unusually brilliant, that Mr. Clare went humming up the steps of the noblest temple which art has yet raised to song in any city upon earth. He felt reckless, emancipated, devil-may-care, but with a dull pain gnawing at his heart, which he knew would be worse when he had slept upon it. He would have liked to fight somebody, or to ruin himself, or to have a brain-fever, or to become Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief in the Turkish Service, or to do anything which would soften her hard heart towards him, and make her regret that she would never see him again—no, never. He sat beating time scornfully with his fingers, while his mind was far away, and half dreading the moment when St. Fanfare and Flamberge-au-Vent were to come for him, when the door of the box opened discreetly, and the *ouvreuse* said to him:

"M'sieu, c'est la dame de la loge en face qui desire parler à M'sieu."

Then she held out her hand for a gratuity and got it, for Mr. Clare observed a sweet, girlish, penitent face on the other side of the house watching him with all eyes, and close behind her was a vacant chair.

Mrs. Nugent, too, who occupied the seat of honor in this lady's box, sent magnetic signals to

him, which said as plainly as words or motions, "Come hither."

So five minutes afterwards a joyous light began to dance in the penitent eyes, and there was Mr. Clare basking in the full light of them, with no more thought of the North Pole than of any other absurd thing, being then in course of settling the preliminaries for a breakfast at the Cascade ten days hence, with a bevy of Mrs. Lee's Yorkshire cousins, who were coming over to do Paris on their way to Naples for the Winter.

In sober earnest Mr. Clare had no longer any will of his own, for it had changed in the most natural way possible that his marriage with Mrs. Lee, which had been a settled thing any time these last three months, save for a few hours, should take place on the very next Thursday.

"Why did you drive me half crazy this morning, you lovely shrew?" whispered the happy lover, as he handed his promised wife to her carriage, Mrs. Nugent and the Duke de St. Fanfare judiciously following.

"I had on new boots," said the lady, in a faint whisper; and she pouted very prettily.

"Don't do it again," pleaded Mr. Clare.
"I can't promise you that," she answered, pitifully; "but I will promise you always to make it up again directly. It's so nice to be friends again."

A CENTENNIAL ROCK-DRILL.

THE Victor Rock-Drill (patented by W. Weaver, Phoenixville, Pa.), on exhibition at the Centennial in Machinery Hall, Section A, No. 55, has been awarded the prize medal and diploma, and therefore merits the attention it has steadily received. This ingenious machine, a sketch of which is given on page 173, drills holes from half an inch to six inches in diameter, and to any depth and at any angle required. It drills two inches per minute, and is run by one man. The double gouge-bit used in this machine is a novelty, and it is no wonder that its simplicity and success are constantly drawing an admiring crowd.

GREAT DEMOCRATIC TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Democracy of New York City turned out in immense and enthusiastic numbers on Thursday evening, November 2d. There was a torchlight procession—beside which all others of the season appeared but as the flickering of a gas-jet in contrast with the full glare of the sun at midday—and several distinct mass-meetings.

The procession and torchlight display comprised perhaps 40,000 persons, and the number of those who looked on could scarcely have fallen short of 200,000. Fifth Avenue from Washington Square to Madison Avenue was thronged on both sides, every stoop being packed with men and women, while the boys might be seen perched on the perilous branches of the trees. It was the same scene along Twenty-third Street, Second Avenue and Fourteenth Street, the latter street being especially crowded. In front of Tammany Hall locomotion was almost impeded.

Besides the meeting in Tammany Hall, the arrangements for this last grand ratification included the erection of several out-door stands.

One was put up on the right of the entrance to Tammany Hall; a second, intended for German speakers exclusively, was built on the vacant lot on Fourteenth Street, between Grace Chapel and the Hotel Lafayette; a third one on the street first beyond the lot, and devoted to the Cubans; the fourth appeared in Irving Place, opposite the Academy of Music; the fifth was at the head of Broadway in Union Square, and the sixth on the plaza at the upper end of the square.

The exercises at these stands, as well as in Tammany Hall, began about eight o'clock, before good-sized audiences. The great crowd, however, awaited on the streets the appearance of the procession. This was under the charge of Thomas S. Brennan, President of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, Grand Marshal. There were twenty-one divisions in line, and the signal to march was given shortly after nine o'clock, Grafulla's Seventh Regiment Band leading.

While our space will not permit as full a mention of the various participating organizations as is deserving, attention is called to two of the most attractive features of the brilliant demonstration, which are made the subjects of illustration.

In the eighth division there were thirty-one clubs, bearing some 4,000 torches, under the marshaling of J. W. White, who was escorted by a large staff of cavalymen. Then followed one hundred members of the E. D. Gale Club, clad in Knickerbocker costume and carrying staves. The cocked hats, flowing white hair, blue coats, white leggings and flowered waistcoats, were truly those of the old Knickerbockers. A gayly decorated wagon bore a carrousel that was fired every few minutes. Hundreds of men bore brooms with the banner, "Let us have a clean sweep." A company of red-shirted firemen dragged the old engine No. 3, on which stood the Father of the Republic, in full continental. There were several other wagons and devices, among them an enormous shield and a small model of a full-rigged ship.

While the leading hotels along the route of the procession, the public buildings and private residences, were white with illuminations, and the streets, house-tops and stoops appeared to be magazines of colored powders, it was to the Hotel Lafayette, just opposite Tammany Hall, that most of the multitude turned their attention. From every window festoons of red, white and blue drapery were suspended, mingled with flags quaintly grouped and illuminated by lamps and lanterns. On the balcony rose a beautiful temple, flower-decked and star-studded, while on either side of it were thirteen stands, representing the old original States, with the coat-of-arms belonging to each one blazoned on the wall above. The tableau was made up of thirteen young ladies, dressed in white, who appeared just before the head of the procession turned into Fourteenth Street from Third Avenue. The Goddess of Liberty then appeared standing on an elevation in the middle, and the thirteen representatives of the States on either side. A flood of light was thrown upon the enchanting scene, and the figure of "South Carolina" in chains and kneeling at the feet of the Goddess of Liberty, indicating the oppressed condition of the proud old Palmetto State, made a scene as affecting as it was unique and beautiful. The representation of Columbia and the Colonies was as follows: Mrs. Mary Colton, Goddess of Liberty; Miss Polly Higginson, South Carolina; Mrs. Clement, Virginia;

Miss Minnie Richards, New Jersey; Miss Mary Roen, Connecticut; Miss Mary Lane, New York; Miss Polly Wells, North Carolina; Miss Mary Burns, Georgia; Mrs. Stewart, Massachusetts; Miss Kitty Burns, Pennsylvania; Miss Lottie Hope, Maryland; Miss Ada Lee; Miss Katie Pelliter, Rhode Island.

With Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer at his side, Governor Tilden reviewed the procession from a stand on the north side of Union Square, and, with hat in hand, stood for three hours uninterruptedly bowing in response to cheers. There were an abundance of speakers in Tammany Hall and at the several stands, and it was long after midnight ere the crowd in the streets began to separate.

CENTENNIAL GLASS-WORKS.

AN INTERESTING INDUSTRY AT THE GREAT EXPOSITION.

BACK of the Saw Mill and Pennsylvania Building a most enterprising firm of Philadelphians have built and kept in "full blast," during the Exhibition, a mammoth glass-works—an active, working manufactory of all kinds of glass-ware, except bottles, window-panes and plates for looking-glasses. Here is seen every day by thousands of people—for the glass-works is one of the most popular buildings on the grounds—the most modern development of that science which is supposed to have its origin in the hoary-headed myth of school-boy days, which tells of how the mystery of compounding glass was accidentally evolved from the laboratory of Nature by certain close observers in an ancient caravan, who, while traversing a desert, unintentionally dropped soda or some other chemical on the burning sand, and lo! glass was the result.

Foremost among the descendants of these travelers in the desert are the owners of the "Franklin Flint Glass-Works," Messrs. Gillender & Sons, whose place occupies a large area of ground at the north-west corner of Howard and Oxford Streets, Philadelphia, covering two hundred and thirty-seven feet, fronting on the former thoroughfare, and one hundred and fifty-six feet on the latter. The founder of this establishment commenced business in Philadelphia on Maria Street in 1860, and had associated with him Edward Bennett, who joined him in 1862 and retired in 1870—in which year the Franklin Works were removed to their present locality.

MELTING THE SAND.

In the wide range of modern industries there is perhaps no workshop so picturesque as that wherein the glass-makers. That built by the Messrs. Gillender at the Exposition is a single one-story building of large extent, unbroken by the intervention of wall or pillar. It contains a tall, tower-like melting-furnace, tapering in form, widest at bottom and narrowest at top. This is provided with several of the fire-clay melting-pots, under which rages a fierce fire of bituminous coal. Smaller furnaces, not furnished with any vessels at all, but heated to even an intense heat than the central steeples, crammed with flame, serve as attendant sprites of furious fire to the main reservoir of caloric. While the principal furnaces are content with meals of soft coal, the eight satellites will endure in their salamander stomachs no less inflammable food than rosin and crude petroleum. These fiery furnaces send up their columns of flame simultaneously, and recall to the memory of the spectator the unfortunate but fire-proof young Israelites who were cast into a glass-maker's furnace while in full blast!

Around and about these red-hot furnaces is continually flitting a large force of men and boys. Half-a-dozen boys, armed with iron rods, go briskly to the main tower, stir up the veritable hell's broth inside of it, and, bringing out balls of the rosy mass on the ends of their metal sticks, roll the crimson globes on tables of iron, swing them to and fro in the air, plunge them into the mouths of the smaller fountains of flame, called "The Glory Holes" with appropriateness, and roll and twist and turn and turn again the incandescent balls at the ends of their whirl-rods. If it were night-time the persons going through these antics all at once would remind one of the grand scenes from the good old pantomimes, where gnomes went flying hither and thither through vast subterranean chambers, bearing aloft flame-tipped staffs! Greatly heightened is this impression of witnessing a scene from the mimic world by the sudden transformation of the glowing little spheres of crimson into white, transparent matter, ringed with vermilion. However, this is not a scene set for mere show and amusement; but a real workshop, where glass for every-day use is prepared.

THE MOLDING STANDS.

The widespread use of glass-ware in our day and country renders it imperatively necessary that a substance so much in vogue as glass should be furnished the public at the lowest possible rates. To meet this want molds are resorted to by the glass manufacturers. The matrices are of iron, the interiors polished by hand to the smoothness of ivory. Patterns of the most complicated kind are readily transferred to the liquid sand by the metal molds. The amount of crude material needed for a lady's boot, or a hand holding a morning-glory to put flowers or bon-bons in, is poured into the matrix from the end of the inevitable rod. When enough has been supplied, the workman shuts off the stream by clipping in two, with an ordinary pair of scissors, the rivulet of half-congealed crimson fluid. It seems past probability that the most brittle of substances can, under any condition, be sundered just as we sever a piece of maulin; but any one doubting the possibility of the feat can be convinced of its truth by ocular demonstration by visiting any glass-works. The mold filled, it is placed under a press, and an iron plunger is forced down into the melted sand. Under this pressure the yielding mass is crowded into the minutest interstices of the matrix. The inserted piece of metal forms the hollow or interior of the vessel, while the carvings of the mold impress their fac-similes on the outer side. In this manner are prepared lamps, tumblers, goblets, and, in short, all of the glass table-utensils in general use.

ANNEALING.

So much for a glance at the real tasks of the gnomes; and we have overlooked their attendant sprites. Not for mere fillers-up of the quaint scene do the boys run hither and thither through the bustling glass-house. They permeate every group of adult workers, and possess a remarkable genius for not remaining long in one place. The numerous never-still urchins seize with avidity on every piece of glass-ware as soon as it is finished, and bear it off in triumph on the top of a stick—a shimmering standard for a juvenile army. Where the formation of the article in hand renders this method of conveyance impracticable, they toss it dexterously

on a board and trot away—dingy little waiters, apparently in quest of something.

Blown and molded, turned and ornamented never so deftly, the products of the glass-maker's labors would be of little utility without undergoing the simple process of annealing. Lacking this, our tumblers would shiver to fragments with every slight change of temperature—housemaids could never cleanse glass with warm water—in short, the vitreous substance would soon be at a discount.

The boys convey their burdens to the mouths of two ovens (one of which the artist has drawn), each one of them sixty feet in length, and both of them traversed by movable iron tracks, on which are placed pans of the same metal. Under the first twelve feet of these ovens a fire is kept up with bituminous coal, forced into rapid combustion by brisk currents of air furnished by a large iron fan or blower. The flames from these fires over-arch the glass-ware as it slowly moves on its journey through the long stoves. As the pans advance on their voyage the heat gradually decreases, until the brittle fabrics reach a cool atmosphere. The passage through these extended ovens is performed at a snail's pace, twelve hours being consumed in passing over the sixty feet. Emerging at the further end, the vitreous ware is cooled, annealed and ready for use, save that which is to be

FROSTED, CUT AND ENGRAVED.

Beautifying and changing glass by these methods is a calling of itself, entirely different and distinct from the art of manipulating the fused silice.

What is known to the general public as frosted glass is, by the workers of the substance, termed "roughed." The appearance so much admired in globes for gas-lights, and even for large vessels designed for ornament and use, is produced by the odd means of filling the globes or other articles with pebbles, and subjecting the brittle material to a swift rotary motion, in close companionship with the dangerous little stones. One of these "roughing" mills the artist has sketched. After the "roughing" process resort is had to circular brushes of wire driven at a high rate of speed, performing as many as three thousand revolutions per minute. To this flashing, bristling wheel the glass is held and frosted. Most of the plain ornamentation on glass-ware is produced by grinding the articles on narrow stones. The latter are impelled by steam; and the workman, with no other aid than trained eyes, swift and steady fingers, impresses the delicate surfaces with the patterns required. A quicker method of obtaining plain devices on frosted work is to place around the goods, by means of a leather strap, pieces of steel cut in the forms to be reproduced before subjecting the material to the pebbles. Naturally, the tiny abrasers cannot act on those portions of the glass which are guarded by the metal. Consequently these spaces are left transparent, while the frosting is laid on the exposed part of the substance.

ENGRAVING.

Where involved designs of flowers, letters, or heraldic devices are to be transferred, engraving must be resorted to. As no graving-tool yet invented will make any impression on the hard, smooth glass, little wheels of copper are brought into play. The outer edges of the disks are cut into small teeth, and are, in reality, miniature circular saws, driven at a high rate of speed; and, generously supplied with oil and emery, the serrated edges of copper readily cut fine lines into the glass. The engraver works from plans drawn on paper. His guide he places inside the vessel to be adorned, and the transparency of the material readily enables the glass-engraver to follow the most delicate lines and curves drawn with a pencil. One of these engravers at work has been caught up by the artist's pencil. A slow work is glass-engraving, requiring not only expenditure of time in the execution, but likewise great skill in those who practice the pretty, but difficult art. Engraved glass is, therefore, a high-priced thing of beauty, and does not find a ready market.

Lamp-chimneys—of which many thousands are daily made by Messrs. Gillender—are blown without the use of molds; and one set of men performing this special labor, and none other, acquire such proficiency that they, with no other gauge than the eye, fashion hundreds of these articles that do not vary the thirty-second of an inch in size. Articles made in this factory are kept for sale inside the building, at most reasonable prices—flowers held up by hands, ladies' boots, paper-weights with portraits, delicate wine glasses and tumblers, flower-holders of all patterns, and any number of pretty things are there, cheap almost as the sand out of which they are made, and what is more, many of them have impressed on them the ever-present idea in the words—"Centennial—1876."

A Remarkable Toad Story.

A REMARKABLE incident recently occurred at a saw-mill, in Acton, Canada, while a pine-log was being sawed up into lumber. The outside slab and one board had been cut off, and, while the workmen were turning over the log, they were surprised to see a large toad poke his head out of a hole in which he was imbedded, and where he had barely escaped being cut up by the saw. How the stranger got there was a mystery, as he was completely incased in the wood, with no possible means of ingress or egress. As the log was the fourth or fifth from the butt of the tree, his position must have been at least fifty or sixty feet from the ground, and he had no doubt grown up with it from infancy, being probably hundreds of years old. The animal was quite fat, and nearly as large as a man's hand. He was perfectly blind, but when taken from his bed he made use of his limbs to crawl away. The tree was perfectly sound, with the exception of a decayed spot of about a foot in length below the hollow place in which he was imbedded. How did he get there, and what did he live on?

How Turkey was to Have been Carved.

THE dismemberment of Turkey which now for the second or third time in this century seems imminent, is by no means an original Russian idea. After the peace of Utrecht, in the early part of the last century, Cardinal Auberger published a plan "for placing the Turkish Empire under the authority of Christian potentates." It was in effect to extend the dominion of the German Emperor to the mouth of the Danube, including the provinces, to the Balkan; to give Cyprus to Sardinia, Rhodes and Aleppo to the Netherlands, Crete and Smyrna to England, the Negropont (Rubana) to Prussia, Tunis to Spain, Algiers to Portugal, and Tripoli to France, the Azov country and the Crimea to Russia,

and to place the Duke of Gottorp as Emperor in Constantinople. Under the Empress Catharine, Romanoff wrested Azov and the Crimea from the Sultan Abdul-Hamid, who was compelled to cede both territories to Russia by the treaty of Kutchuk-Kainardje; France, by right of conquest, holds Algeria, and the Negropont is in the territory of Greece; but Moslem rule is still supreme in the other places, for which, more than one hundred and fifty years ago, owners were to be provided among the European rulers by divine right.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Scenes from the Servian Battle-grounds.

Our illustrations from the seat of war in Servia this week depict incidents during the cessation of hostilities. In one some soldiers of the army of the Drina are engaged in one of their national dances, the Kolo, one of their number acting as orchestra, in the centre. In another scene worthy papas, or pastors of the Greek Church, are joining with their flocks in a genial toast to the success of the holy Slav cause, and to the welfare of their stalwart Muscovite allies. The Greek priests allow their hair to grow uncut, ordinarily wearing it in long curls, but when inconvenient putting it up in a sort of chignon at the back of their heads.

Aboriginal Stations in Australia.

Our sketch of a traveling merchant in South Australia affords some evidence of the progress of civilization among the aborigines settled in South Australia. Indeed, it may be considered as being particularly instructive in that respect. Here we see one of those hawkers who perambulate the country with their vehicles, containing, as usual, a miscellaneous assortment of goods, engaged in offering his bargains to an assemblage of the youthful population of the aboriginal settlement. The interest taken by the mothers and maidens in the gown-pieces offered for their inspection is manifest, and equally so is the pleasing prospect before the lads of becoming possessors of the moleskins and billycocks, which they appear to be handling like any expert in soft goods.

Terrible Ferry-boat Accident in Ireland.

A melancholy calamity occurred in the estuary of the Blackwater, at Youghal, County Cork, on September 30th. A ferry-boat, manned by four boatmen, put off from the Youghal side of the harbor, with a full complement of passengers, twenty-two in number, all farmers and their wives, returning from market. The estuary is nearly half a mile wide, and a strong ebb tide was running. A hundred yards from the shore the waves broke over the boat, and the passengers rising in panic, she went over. Fourteen persons were drowned. Fifty years ago a similar accident occurred at this ferry, and twenty persons perished.

Russian Contributions to Servia.

A great majority of the citizens of St. Petersburg have been lately in favor of a war with Turkey. For the benefit of the Servians, picnics and balls have been held by all classes of society. The army officers sold tickets for such entertainments, and every civil officer has had to submit to a deduction of one per cent. of his salary for the benefit of the Servians. Every army officer who wants to fight in the Servian army is allowed a furlough and is furnished with the necessary means to go to the seat of war.

Interview with the Emperor of Morocco.

On the 12th of last September an interview was held at Onchda, Morocco, between General Osmond, representing the French Government, and Muley Hassan, Emperor of Morocco. Its object was, on the part of the French, to perpetuate the existing friendly relations between that nation and Morocco, which desirable purpose was apparently achieved. General Osmond was escorted by a military force, and the African monarch appeared at the head of a native army of unique appearance, himself riding a white horse and shaded by a large red umbrella, the emblem of imperial rank.

An African Procession.

One of our foreign engravings this week represents a procession of Dahomey chiefs at Whydah, a maritime province of Dahomey on the Bight of Benin. It is a fertile district from which large quantities of palm-oil, gold-dust, and ivory are exported. It has been brought into notice lately through the blockade of Dahomey by the British Government. The chiefs in the engraving are marching with their slaves and native bands. Gossano, the principal chief, appears on horseback. The musicians, it will be observed, face the chief, whether before or behind his horse, and the tom-toms are beaten on the heads of boys. The slate-roofed building on the left is the house of Messrs. A. and F. Swanzy, a firm of well-known West Coast merchants.

VAGARIES OF THE HOUR.

AN Atlanta girl carried out the theory of "squatter sovereignty" by sitting on her lover's hat and keeping him three hours overtime.

There is a good deal of common sense about Englishmen. The British Postmaster-General is sending the eminent electrician, Mr. W. H. Preece, to this country to inspect and report upon the technical and scientific arrangements of our telegraph lines.

MR. BAXTER TAYLOR says he entertains a high regard for the successful paragraphist, but cannot find language sufficiently harsh to condemn the would-be funny writers whose "fun" consists in making light of the sufferings of others. The practice of ridiculing mothers-in-law he condemns as a bad one.

THE following communication appears in a Chicago newspaper: "Edwin Miller-Strickland is the name given to a son born to Leo Miller and Mattie Strickland, at Castle Rock, Minn. The new social order proposes to compound the terminating sur-names of parents in their children, and perpetuate the name of the mother instead of the father. Every child would thus bear its father's and mother's name, but in the next generation the father's name would be dropped. This arrangement is in harmony with nature, and far more just than the present system."

SETH KINMAN, the California hunter and trapper, presented Buchanan with a chair made of elk horns and hoofs in 1856, and gave Abraham Lincoln a similar one in 1864. Andrew Johnson was the recipient of a chair made of grizzly skins and claws. He has another chair similar to the Andrew Johnson chair in store for the President-elect, only it has the addition of a grizzly's ferocious head, cunningly concealed underneath the seat, which, by touching a spring in the rear of the chair, is thrown forward; the jaws snap viciously two or three times, when it returns to its place of concealment.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

—MICHIGAN is represented by 315 varieties of apples in the fruit display.

—SIXTY Canadian cheese factories expose their products in the Dairy Building.

—THE pupils of the various schools of Philadelphia visit the grounds in a body, accompanied by their instructors.

—THE statue of "Religious Liberty" will soon be placed in position and unveiled by the Hebrew Order B'Nai B'Rith.

—"THE oldest Bible in America, printed in 1495," is treasured and guarded at the Exhibition in a strongly framed glass case.

—MUCH of the display made by Mr. Krupp, the great gun and steel manufacturer of Essen, Prussia, has been presented to the Washington Museum.

—IT is almost certain that Machinery Hall will stand permanently for coming mechanical displays, but the same cannot yet be said for the Main Building.

—THE best paying days thus far have been Pennsylvania Day, the Grand Tournament, Ohio's and New York's—the total attendance being over 600,000.

—A MECHANICAL type-setter is among the wonders of the Canadian mechanism, which, it is claimed, can set up original matter direct from undistributed type.

—EXQUISITELY wrought ornaments in native gold, made by the wild tribes of Africa, and included among the exhibits of Cape Colony, have, by reason of their excellence, been purchased for the British Museum.

—AN ancient Gobelin tapestry, representing the Virgin and Child in the manger, much faded, which tradition says dates back to 1515, has been placed in the Main Building by the St. Augustine Chapel of Montreal.

—MRS. MARGARET KALE, an inmate of the Baptist Home for Aged Women, of Philadelphia, who, if she survives November 15th, will have completed her 104th year, visited the Exhibition on "Ohio Day," and shook hands with Governor Hayes.

—PROFESSOR JACKSON, the Philadelphian pyrotechnist, and C. T. Brock, of London, who follows the same profession, will, on the evening preceding the close of the Exhibition, November 9th, unite in a grand fireworks display of friendly rivalry.

—THE Vermonters duly celebrated the Centennial Day of the Green Mountain State by attending a reception by Ex-Governor John B. Page, at the Vermont Building, and later, the historical address on the State, delivered in Judges' Hall on October 27th. Governor Fairbanks was unable to be present.

—MESSRS. DOULTON, whose exhibition in the British section of terra cotta is so well-known, have "a strike" on hand at their works at Lambeth, England, on account of their refusal to discharge two of their expert employes, whose artistic workmanship causes so much admiration at the Centennial.

—WM. A. DELANEY, the veteran depot-master of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Centennial Station, handles upwards of a hundred trains and twenty-five thousand passengers daily, and as yet not one of the immense throng who have visited the Exhibition by this road have met with the slightest accident. On "Pennsylvania Day" he took charge of 178 trains emptying 69,000 people at the Centennial Grounds.

—MERCHANTS' DAY was October 26th. Delegations from the Commercial Exchange, Cotton Exchange, Produce Exchange and Board of Brokers of New York, and others from Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, Buffalo, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Toledo, Milwaukee, and other great commercial cities, were received by the Philadelphia business men, escorted through the grounds, and lunched in the Municipal Building.

—ONE of the most interesting and instructive of the silk exhibits at the Centennial is that in the Main Building and Agricultural Hall, by Joseph Neumann, of San Francisco, showing all the processes of California silk culture in the raw material and in manufactured products. He claims that in a few years this culture will be a far more extensive and more certain source of riches than that furnished by the precious metals. In 1867 he reeled the first skein of raw silk produced in America.

—THE various animal, vegetable and mineral products which have been presented by Foreign Commissioners at the Centennial to the National Museum at Washington are now being numbered and catalogued, this work being in the hands of three assistants appointed by Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, under the supervision of Señor Albert Jacobson, of Rio Janeiro, Brazil. The agricultural exhibits of Japan, the agricultural and mineral collections of Canada, Victoria, New South Wales, New Zealand, Spain and Portugal have already been presented to the United States Government for the National Museum, and the Commissioners of nearly all the other Governments participating in the Exhibition have signified their intention of making similar contributions at the close of the Exhibition.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

FOR WEEK ENDING NOV. 4, 1876.

THE first concert of the New York Philharmonic Society this season, took place at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, November 4th. The performance was well-attended, which shows conclusively that our citizens have a genuine appreciation for musical art in its highest form. . . . M. Alfred Vivien, violinist from Brussels, has been engaged for the Esplanade season in this city. . . . Changes of bills are announced at nearly all of our prominent theatres. . . . The first representation of the "Schaubraun" is set down for Thursday evening, November 9th. . . . The managers of the Grand Opera House have found "Uncle Tom's Cabin" a bonanza, and will continue it until further notice. . . . "Sardanapalus" at Booth's Theatre is shortly to be followed by "King Lear." . . . "Adam and Eve" and "Tom Cobb" amused the patrons of the Park Theatre during the week; a change is announced, however, for the 8th instant. "The Crabbed Age," in which Miss Lottie Allen will make her debut, will be the attraction. . . . Thousands of pleasing and interesting sights are to be seen at the Aquarium, and it is fast becoming one of the most popular resorts in the city. . . . The first appearance of Miss Fanny Davenport in "As You Like It," at Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre, is set down for Saturday evening, November 11th; the slender thread of "Life" will have then been cut. . . . "Baba" has successfully passed its fifth performance; and loses none of its unprecedented popularity. . . . We will soon have the pleasure of witnessing Miss Clara Morris' rendition of *Miss Merton* at the Union Square Theatre, meanwhile the "Two Orphans" crowd the house nightly. . . . Five Symphony Concerts and Public Rehearsals yet remain to be given in Theodore Thomas' season of 1876-77.

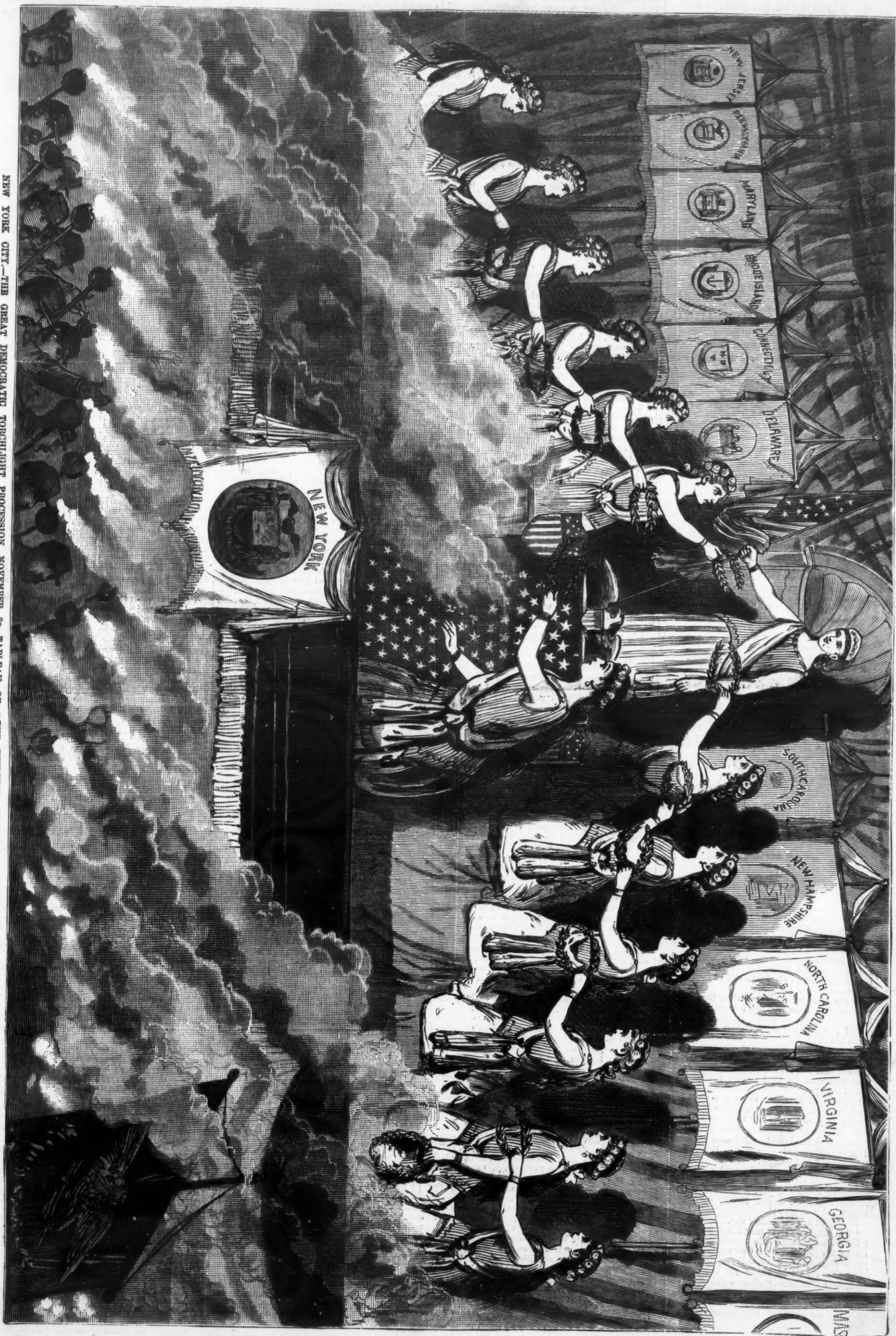


NEW YORK CITY.—A CHARACTERISTIC ELECTION SCENE—READING A MEMORANDUM FROM AN ELECTION BULLETIN.
SEE PAGE 179.



SOUTH CAROLINA.—A RUSTIC ELECTION SCENE—PLANTATION HANDS TRAVELING TO THE POLLS.
SEE PAGE 174.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE GREAT DEMOCRATIC TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION, NOVEMBER 2d.—TABLEAU OF "THE THIRTEEN ORIGINAL STATES," AT THE HOTEL LAFAYETTE.—SEE PAGE 174.



SEE PAGE 174.

SEE PAGE 174.

REMEMBER ME.

[From the French.]

REMEMBER me when to the golden light
Of the morn'g rays Aurora opens her hall,
Remember me when pensive, dreamy Night
Shrouded in silver veil encircles all;
When Pleasure's siren voice and luring art
Breathes through the shade and trembles in the heart.
Hark! From the forest drear
Murmurs a voice so clear,
"Remember me!"

Remember me, my aching heart's despair,
When sorrow, exile, and long weary years
Have made the seed-time of this world so fair
Seem loneliness and pain, the harvest tears!
Recall my yearning love, the last adieu,
Though fate doth part us, still I'll e'er be true.
For while this heart doth beat,
Shall it these words repeat,
"Remember me!"

Remember me, when clasped in Death's embrace
This form lies moldering in its narrow cell;
No monument to mark its resting-place,
Only an humble flower the tale to tell.
No more shalt thou behold me, yet o'er thee
My soul shall keep its watch eternally,
Upon the wings of Night,
Sighing in whisper light,
"Remember me!"

A Girl's Vengeance.

BY
ETTA W. PIERCE,AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A BIRTH," "THE TANKARD
OF BENEDETTI," "THE BIRTHMARK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(CONTINUED).

THE words were not out, when he saw that he had displeased her. His allusion to Guy's love for Dolly Hazelwood brought a chilly look into her pearl face—altered her manner in a moment.

"I decline to answer you," she let her eyes flash over his tall figure. "You are, I see, a gentleman; I beg you will not annoy me with questions to which I cannot and shall not reply."

He bowed.
"I do not wish to annoy you, but will you not relieve my suspense somewhat? Either tell me the best or the worst of my friend. He has a mother, overwhelmed with grief and anxiety; be merciful to her, mademoiselle—give me some message to take to her regarding her son."

Fanchon cast down her stormy eyes, and seemed struggling for a moment with herself. Old Celeste sat like a mummy, staring from one face to the other, and the sunshine of the rare London morning streamed down upon both, and upon Stephen North's tall, grave figure, as he stood waiting in the walk.

"Yes, I will give you a message," she said, at last, and it seemed to Stephen North that she spoke with difficulty. "Tell Mrs. Hazelwood that she will soon see her son—soon hear from his own lips an explanation of that which seems so strange to her. And now adieu, Doctor North. I shall not move from this spot till I am certain that you have left the park. Do not attempt to follow me—it will be useless."

Her voice was half imperative, half pleading; her eyes entreated and commanded him in the same glance. He drew back a step, and lifted his hat.

Could it be that for the sake of the pale, bewitching face, upturned now to his own, Guy Hazelwood had forgotten Dolly, honor, everything?

As if she read his thoughts intuitively, she flashed him a high, proud look.

"If you are Guy Hazelwood's friend, Doctor North, you should know better than to think ill of him!"

Then she lowered her veil, and dismissed him with a little nod.

The blood flew into his dark face.

"A thousand thanks for those words, mademoiselle!" said Stephen North; and he turned quickly, and without once looking back, walked away in the direction of Rotten Row.

"You should know better than to think ill of him." The rebuke rang sharply through his ears all the way back to his London hotel.

He breakfasted alone, read his morning letters, and then hurried to the railway terminus, purchased his ticket, and went down to Kent by the next train.

It was three by the clock when the fly which brought him from the station stopped at the lodge-gate of Hazel Hall. Doctor North dismissed it there, and walked alone up the avenue to the house.

He found Mrs. Hazelwood sitting solitary in her great drawing-room, from which all the light and life had somehow departed. She sprang to meet him with extended hands; the tears overspread her eyes.

"How good it seems to see you again!" she cried, heartily. "What a comfort you are to us, Doctor Stephen! I do not think we could have lived through these past few weeks but for you."

His gray eyes flashed swiftly over the room, as if in search of something. Mrs. Hazelwood interpreted the look quickly.

"Dolly is walking in the garden," she said; and then, clasping his arm suddenly, "I see something strange in your face. You have news to tell me. Oh, Doctor North, speak! You have heard from Guy!"

He smiled in a reassuring way.
"Yes. Good news—at least it seems such to me. I have seen Mademoiselle Fanchon, the actress, I have her assurance that Guy will soon be with you to clear up this abominable mystery."

And then he told her of the meeting in the park, and the conversation which had passed betwixt himself and Fanchon, describing the latter so minutely that Mrs. Hazelwood knew there could be no mistake. She looked first joyful, then depressed.

"I cannot understand it," she said, in a troubled voice. "Even if he should return this

very hour, what excuse can Guy make to Dolly? There is nothing that can justify his silence, his desertion of her on their wedding-day. Your interview with that woman only proves that which we have already guessed. Oh, Doctor North, you must see that—that they are together!"

She sank back in her chair in a disheartened way. "What is there in this knowledge to comfort Dolly? Do not speak of the matter to her, nor tell her of your meeting with Fanchon—believe me, it will only add to her unhappiness. Let us keep it a secret betwixt ourselves till Guy appears—till we hear the explanation which he offers us."

"As you will," answered Stephen North. "Your judgment upon this point is better than mine. I cannot hope to transfer to you or to Miss Hazelwood the impression which I received from that girl's face and manner. Let us, then, keep silent and wait."

He sat in the sombre drawing-room, talking with Mrs. Hazelwood, till the dressing-bell rang. Then, at her bidding, he arose and went to seek Dolly.

He came upon her in a green laurel-walk, at the far end of the garden, sauntering listlessly, aimlessly through the waning sunshine, her lovely figure all in nun-like gray from head to foot, a dreary, far-off look in her eyes. She had lost flesh and color in the last month. The ordeal of suffering through which she had passed had left its impress on her face—whitened still further her creamy pallor, saddened the rich, red mouth, made desolate the unfathomable eyes.

Unseen, Stephen North paused in the shadow of the trees, and looked at her.

She had an open book in her hand—a little gold-and-blue Tennyson; evidently she had been reading somewhere in the depths of the garden. He set his teeth involuntarily. Merciful heaven! Did the man live who, once professing love for this girl, could forsake her of his own will—leave her to such sorrow and despair as she had known for the last four terrible weeks?

Of a sudden she turned, saw him, started nervously, but smiled the next moment.

"Ah, is it you, Doctor Stephen?"

She was never surprised to see him at Hazel Hall now.

"It is I," he answered, "and Mrs. Hazelwood has sent me to bring you to the house. Do not walk here alone so much, Miss Hazelwood; it is not good for you."

She was "Miss Hazelwood" to him now—not "Dolly" any more, and the adoring air which he was wont to assume towards her in the old days was gone.

"You look pale and ill," he added, quickly. "If you go on like this I shall exercise my professional authority, and order you away from Kent."

He fell into place beside her. For a few yards they walked on silently under the laurels.

"Have you any news, Doctor North?" asked Dolly, at last.

"Only this: I believe from my heart that your trouble is almost done—that soon we shall all see Guy Hazelwood face to face."

She writhed at sound of that name, and he saw it—none of her moods ever escaped his observation.

"Face to face!" she repeated, bitterly. "Then he is alive. Sometimes I have thought he must be dead, and I have not been shocked or surprised, for much, very much of my own self has died also in the last few weeks—the better part of myself, I mean—my faith in human nature, my youth, my love of life, and all that makes it worth the having."

The look which he gave her was full of mingled compassion and pain.

"Many things die, or we think they die, which are sure to live again," he answered, calmly. She shook her head.

"Do you remember," she said, in a low, bitter voice, "how glad I was to leave Sea View, Doctor North—how I longed to know and see England, and my kindred here—how restless and uneasy I was in the old brown parsonage—how joyfully, ungratefully I left it? Have I not been well punished for my folly—my heartless desertion of poor Aunt Prue in her old age?"

"Now you reproach yourself without cause," said Doctor North. "You did nothing that was not perfectly natural and proper for you to do—nothing for which Miss Prue, I am sure, ever blamed you."

Neither spoke after that. In utter silence they returned to the house, she pacing listlessly at his side, her gray dress rustling against him, her pale face shining at his shoulder, the perfume from her hair floating to his nostrils as they walked.

Dinner was served at seven o'clock. As Mrs. Hazelwood had now ceased to see anybody but near and dear friends, the trio were alone.

"Pray, do not think of returning to London to-night, Doctor North," entreated Guy's mother.

"Your visits are so brief, that, when you go, I seem hardly to have seen you at all. Stay with us to-night; I am in particularly low spirits; I need you."

Dolly did not speak, but she gave him a certain appealing look, more eloquent than words. Stephen North bowed quiet assent. He knew that he could make one evening, at least, more tolerable for them. Even Dolly felt the wholesome influence of his presence. Curled up in a low chair before the fire, which was always lighted at night in the big, chilly rooms, she sat and listened while he talked with Mrs. Hazelwood. The latter had turned the conversation to the doctor's own affairs, and Dolly heard of the hospital which he had founded with the great fortune left to him by Miss Nugent—of its already crowded wards—of the future life which he had marked out for himself, busy, self-forgetful, full of toil and good for others. The past—especially his unlucky passion for the red-haired beauty of Sea View—seemed to have faded altogether from his remembrance. Miss Nugent's husband, with his abundant wealth, and his schemes for the benefit of poor humanity, had outlived that experience. Strong, self-contained, he had been the first to bow at Dolly's shrine, indeed, but the first, also, to recover from her power.

It was ten o'clock when the three separated. Stephen North opened the door for Dolly to pass out of the drawing-room, and with one brief,

quiet look, bade her good-night. Languidly she ascended the stair to her own chamber, and seated herself by its open window. A flood of moonlight filled the garden; the trees of the park were waving against the purple, star-sown sky—how peaceful the world was, how lovely! Dolly's wretched heart burned within her like a coal of fire. She looked out over the silent lawns, the laurel-walks, the wilderness of oak and Spanish chestnut-trees, the white moon shining down through a flitting veil of cloud, and a sudden storm of sobs shook her from head to foot.

"Guy—oh Guy!" she whispered, stretching her arms into the darkness, "where are you to-night? I ought to hate and despise and forget you, but I cannot! Oh, my love, my love! why have you forsaken me? Come back, and tell me with your own lips that you have ceased to love me—better that even than the uncertainty which I suffer now!"

No voice answered her passionate cry. Like a child exhausted with much weeping, Dolly dropped her weary head against the mullioned window. Bodily and mentally she was worn out. All unawares and uninvited, a great hush began to steal over her. The curved lashes fell darkly over her eyes—Dolly slept.

She slept, and dreamed of wandering with Stephen North over the wide, brown marshes at Sea View. A clock near at hand was striking midnight when she awoke with a wild start; she sprang to her feet. The moon had disappeared. A great darkness filled the chamber, a horrible, movable darkness that pressed upon her like suffocation—choked, blinded her. Her candle was out. Gasping for breath, Dolly rushed instinctively towards the door. What was this thing which met and grasped her throat, strangling the cry which arose there? Smoke! The whole room was black with it. Dolly turned the knob, and sprang out into the corridor.

"Fire!" That was the cry which greeted her ears, ringing out in wild alarm from some distant portion of the house. Through the black cloud which surged around her, Dolly saw bewildered faces appear suddenly—saw Mrs. Hazelwood, in a loose wrapper, rush out of her dressing-room, calling wildly, as she came, to the servants:

"Haddon!—where is Haddon? Ring the bell in the tower—follow me, some of you! There is a sick man in the rooms yonder—he will be burned!"

Wringing her hands in abject fright, she fled down the smoke-black corridor, in the direction of the south wing, and, moved by an irresistible impulse, Dolly followed after her. Her heart beat violently, her limbs bent under her. The mysterious wing was on fire, and Mrs. Hazelwood's invalid friend was there in danger of perishing—this much she understood without further words.

Clang! clang! went the alarm-bell in the tower—its sullen strokes mingled in her ears, with the cries of the frightened household. Blindly, breathlessly, Dolly rushed along in Mrs. Hazelwood's footsteps. They reached the end of the corridor, and stopped to look at each other.

"Merciful heaven!" cried Mrs. Hazelwood, "he cannot save himself—he is an imbecile!"

"Let me go with you—let me help you bring him out!" answered Dolly, and with her own hand she flung open a door communicating with the blazing south wing. The smoke rolled out upon them in a dense volume—overwhelmed them, sent them reeling back, as from a blow. At the same moment, a man leaped across the threshold of the open door, and stood before the two, half-dressed, his ginger-locks singed with the flame, his eyebrows gone, his eyes starting from their sockets.

"My lady, my lady!" he cried, at sight of Mrs. Hazelwood, "he is in there, and he won't come out—wild horses couldn't draw him!"

"Oh, Haddon!" she gasped, in wild terror, "how did this come about?"

"He overturned his candle, ma'am, and the bed-curtains caught. I was asleep in the closet off his chamber, and the first I knew, ma'am, the room was all a-fire. Sure as we're here, he'll be burned alive. In God's name, what's to be done?"

"Haddon!"

It was Stephen North's voice. His dark, thin face burst suddenly out of the smoke at Dolly's elbow.

"Take your mistress and Miss Hazelwood away instantly—away from this part of the house. Go, Mrs. Hazelwood, and fear nothing; I will save him!"

He pushed her quickly back from the door, and Dolly with her.

"Go! Trust me—he shall not die. You know my power over him. I can bring him forth to you if nobody else can!"

"For the Lord's sake!" cried Haddon, "don't go in there, sir; it's sure death! The rooms are all ablaze—and he—you can't do the first thing with him, sir; he's like a madman!"

"Doctor North, stop—you must not!" said Mrs. Hazelwood.

But he paid no heed to either. Only at Dolly did he cast one parting look.

"If I do not come back," she heard him murmur, "Mrs. Hazelwood will tell you all."

Then, swift as lightning, he leaped the threshold of the door, and disappeared from their view in the blazing south wing of Hazel Hall.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—A DÉNOUEMENT.

HADDON drew Dolly down the stair and out of the house. The cool night air blew upon her, the green shrubbery closed about her. She stood in the laurel-walk with Mrs. Hazelwood and two or three half-dressed housemaids, and looked up at the burning south wing.

The fire was evidently confined to that quarter of the Hall. Long red tongues of flame licked through the mullioned windows—curled and climbed and crept along the gray wall. A cloud of smoke rolled upward into the night, and hid in its black drift gables and twisted chimneys.

The rooms occupied by Mrs. Hazelwood's invalid friend were now one sheet of fire. Where was Doctor North? White and helpless, Mrs. Hazelwood leaned upon Johnson, her usually calm

face full of horror and fear. Dolly went up to her, clasped her in her own strong, young arms. She, too, was awed and terrified, though in a vague, inexplicable sort of way.

"Is the person yonder very dear to you?" she asked.

Mrs. Hazelwood looked at her with strange, pitiful eyes.

"My poor child!" she cried, incoherently, "I fear we ought to have told you long ago, but Guy would not hear of it; he wanted you to be happy—entirely happy for a time, at least—and so he was constantly postponing the day of revelation. You will never forgive us now—never!"

Dolly looked at her in bewilderment. What did she mean? Was she talking of the invalid, and how could he, in any way, concern her? What was it which they ought to have told her? But before she could find voice for these queries, a cry broke from Mrs. Hazelwood.

"Look! Look!"

She pointed to the blazing wing. At its far end two men appeared at a window, their faces clearly defined in the lurid light.

One was Doctor North, scorched with fire and blackened with smoke; the other the mysterious invalid, whom Dolly had already seen thrice. She recognized at a glance his shrunken outlines and ashy-hued face, with the long, gray hair flying about it, and the wild, gleaming eyes, distended now with fear. Doctor North had found him; he was bringing him out of that blazing furnace.

The red glare played for one instant on both figures; then, with one blow, Stephen North dashed out the window, and reached for a ladder which some one in the garden below had planted against the walls. Dolly saw him step out upon it, grasping the rescued man firmly. Lined sharply against a background of smoke and fire, she saw the two stand upon the topmost round, Doctor North with his strong arm cast about the invalid, whose gray hair and wan, ashen face gleamed weirdly in the light.

For many a day Dolly would see that sight before her eyes. Then she heard a sudden cry, shrill, affrighted, as of a human soul just waking to a sense of danger. The invalid tore himself free from Stephen North. Striving desperately to grasp him again, the latter cried out, in a voice that Dolly heard over all the noise and confusion: "Come with me, Hazelwood! It is I—the doctor. Come; you can trust your old friend, can you not?"

The person thus addressed threw up his arms to ward the speaker away, then turned and leaped deliberately from the ladder. Stephen North's hand was upon him at the moment, and, in his last desperate effort to drag him back, he lost his own foothold, and the two fell together to the ground.

The next that Dolly knew, she was standing alone in the laurel-walk unheeded, forgotten in the general confusion.

The Hazelwood tenantry, swarming through the grounds and over the roof, were drowning out the red enemy—fighting him right sturdily, within and without the house.

The hissing flame vanished; the black smoke paled away to dull gray puffs, blown out here and there by a gust of wind. The danger was passed; and dismantled, gnawed by the fire and flooded with water, the south wing stood up in the moonlight.

A housemaid approached Dolly at last, and drew her away.

"Come, miss, it's all over now," she said. "There's nothing more to fear. I'm sure it was a great providence, and those rooms all ablaze from end to end! Come into the house, miss; you'll catch your death here in the dew."

Like a person in a dream, Dolly suffered herself to be led into the Hall—into Mrs. Hazelwood's own little parlor, where somebody had lighted a candle.

"The men who fell from the ladder," she said—"are they hurt?"

"I don't know, miss," answered the housemaid. "They were picked up and carried indoors. Let me fetch you a glass of wine—you're all cold and shivering with the fright and the wet garden."

She hurried away to the housekeeper's room, and returned directly with a little cup of spiced liquid. Dolly drank it mechanically as the girl held it to her lips. She was numb and faint and bewildered. Where was Mrs. Hazelwood? Instinctively she felt that somebody was hurt or dead. The maid brought a shawl and wrapped it around her, chafed her cold hands and tried to make her comfortable. In the midst of her efforts, the door opened and Stephen North entered.

Stephen North, singed, disordered, pale, with a look on his face, which made Dolly's heart leap portentously. The servant withdrew. He closed the door, and advanced towards Dolly.

"You were not killed, then!" she said, in a relieved voice.

"Scarcely!"

"But you are hurt—you are suffering."

"A mere trifle—a few slight burns—a bruise or two—nothing more. The fire is out; the tenantry are going home; Hazel Hall is safe. I fear you have been greatly frightened."

Impressed by something odd in his voice, Dolly arose and stood beside him. "What has happened?" she cried. "Where is Mrs. Hazelwood?"

Stephen North took her hand, and led her back to her chair. Till her dying day, she would remember that room, with its subdued light, its pretty French furniture, the moonlit midnight beyond its windows, the murmur of departing voices in the long avenue without, and the face of Stephen North looking down upon her, in a strange, compassionate way.

"Mrs. Hazelwood is with her friend," he said, "the man who fell from the ladder with me. She sent me to fetch you to her—but first I have something to tell you, Miss Hazelwood. You have endured much in the past few weeks. Do you think you can bear a new trial—a great, perhaps a terrible, surprise?"

She clutched nervously at her chair, but made a quick, assenting gesture.

"What is it? Oh, Doctor North, you wish to speak to me about that man!"

"Yes." He leaned against the wall beside her,

with face bent forward and slightly averted, and began in this wise: "Once upon a time, Miss Hazelwood, when I was a poor medical student, living with Cuckoo in a Boston attic, I chanced to swoon in a hospital, where I had been assisting at a terrible surgical operation. The cause of my mishap was insufficient food and overwork. Somebody was good enough to pick me up and restore me to consciousness, and as I opened my eyes, I found bending over me a man whom I had never seen before in the place, although he had been a fixture there, I afterward learned, for more than ten years. A very strange-looking person he was, with a scarred, vacant face, and long, red hair, streaked plentifully with gray. He held a glass to my lips and bade me drink. 'Who are you?' I asked.

"He stared at me blankly for a moment, then answered, 'The Attaché'—a sobriquet which some of the students had given him. To all my questions, he answered only with these two words. My curiosity was aroused, and, at the first opportunity, I drew from one of the surgeons the history of this man, so far as it was known at the hospital.

"More than ten years before, one Summer night, when a terrific storm was raging along the New England coast, a train from the south shore went over an embankment a few miles outside of Boston, and many passengers were killed and many injured. Among the latter, was the man whom the students called The Attaché. With several of his fellow-travelers, he was carried, unconscious and fearfully wounded, to the hospital, where I first saw him. No one knew him. The surgeon told me he was dressed like a gentleman, but he had very little money about him, and no papers—nothing, indeed, by which he could be identified, save a handsome signet-ring, engraved with a motto and a crest.

"For months he lay wavering betwixt life and death. Nobody came to ask for him—evidently he had neither relatives or friends, and the power to give an account of himself was now gone from him. His brain had received irremedial injury—he knew nothing, remembered nothing—would never again be a thinking, reasoning being. After a weary while, he was able to rise from bed, to move about the ward—to leave the hospital, in fact; and then the question arose, what was to be done with him? One of the surgeons, whose hobby was mental disorders, became interested in the patient, and pitying, perhaps, his forlorn, friendless condition, took him under his own care and protection. He seemed to have acquired an attachment for the hospital, and so was allowed to remain in it. A gaunt, scarred automaton, he moved about the wards, able to do trifling tasks, harmless, noiseless, rarely or never speaking—a very ghost of a man. His kind benefactor, the surgeon, made him a professional study, and experimented freely upon him, but without any satisfactory result. He was, as I have said, a fixture in the place, and was likely to remain such as long as Doctor Ware lived.

(To be continued.)

A PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

CHARACTER SKETCHES OF ELECTION TIMES.

IT is an oft-quoted saying that the moral and social disturbance occasioned every four years in the United States by the election of a President would suffice to utterly annihilate the most firmly grounded government of Europe. It is indeed amazing how completely men's minds become engrossed by the complications of politics just prior to election-day, and how vehemently the discussion of personal preferences is conducted, and then to witness the instantaneous ebbing of this surging tide after the momentous day of voting has passed. No more striking illustration could be given of the wonderful elasticity of our republican form of government than the perfect equilibrium which our social system resumes after undergoing such violent and continued tension. The strain is felt in every branch of society. Rich and poor alike are in their various degrees directly, as well as sympathetically, interested in the issue of every campaign, though in many instances it is those who have the least at stake that make the loudest demonstrations of interest. Our artists have reproduced on another page some characteristic scenes incident to election times. In one, an excited politician—probably the oracle of his little social clique—has copied on his way home for the night the latest announcements recorded on the bulletin-board in the lobby of one of the up-town hotels. Overhearing the subject to which his tidings relate being discussed in the street, he produces his prize, and is at once the focal point of an interested group. The other sketch illustrates the manner in which the laboring classes of the South are frequently compelled to travel to the spot appointed for the exercise of their highest functions of citizenship. It is to be hoped, in the interest of the whole nation and of humanity, that the bestowal of the elective franchise upon a race whose antecedents for countless generations had been subversive of every instinct of self-government may be the instrument of elevating them to an intellectual plane in some degree commensurate to the lofty privilege it confers. The present indications, happily, are that such progress is being made, and perhaps even the next generation of Southern blacks will be able to bear with a smile of how the first set of "freedmen" had no higher conception of the value of a vote than the delusive notion that it was to be followed in each case by the gift of "forty acres and a mule."

WOOD-SAWING AT THE CENTENNIAL.

"THE MOHAWK DUTCHMAN"

AND HIS MACHINES FOR CUTTING WOOD FANTASTICALLY.

OF all the most fantastic and striking figures of all that is curious and bizarre in the shape of costumes at the Exhibition, the Mohawk Dutchman, the wood-sawyer, in Machinery Hall, probably stands pre-eminent. His "hat" is oval, formed of a variety of inlaid woods, and at the top, cunningly arranged, spins a windmill, fanned by the breeze of the saw as he plies his craft; his spectacles, which he wears over fine black eyes, are intricately inlaid; clasp his throat is a collar of latest shape, but made of mixed wood; on his breast he wears what purports to be a diamond

pin, and claimed by him to be the largest ever found in the world, being three inches in diameter; about his waist is a belting of red, white and blue bunting, clasped with a buckle of wood, six inches in length; bracelets, more alleged diamonds, emeralds, garnets and amethysts, all set in wood; an apron of American colors, reaching from his shoulders to his feet, altogether make up quite an extraordinary figure. Indeed, so great a crowd gathers about this man and his wares, which he sells, that the Chief of the Machinery Hall, the other day, instructed the Mohawk to remove his costume. This, Mr. R. McChesney (the Mohawk) complains of bitterly on behalf of his principals.

The "Mohawk Chief" produces with his "Band Saw" the most curious emanations of the brain, in a few minutes, from a solid block of wood, without mark or line. From this block he produces a rocking-chair, sewing-chair, a sofa, sofa-pillow, boot-rest, foot-stool, two sleighs, and a hobby-horse and numerous other articles of exquisite beauty and Swiss-like delicacy. He claims he never saw any but an original design, his profession being patent-office model-maker. He claims that he can model any machine invented, producing it in wood in working order, not excepting guns, pistols, and high or low pressure-engines. He has produced several patents, and is a most scientific mechanic. Our artist gives an accurate illustration of the "Mohawk" at work.

THE CENTENNIAL POP-CORN.

AN enterprising pop-corn man who, it is said, secured the exclusive privilege of manufacturing pop-corn on the Exhibition Grounds for a large sum of money, makes good use of his concession, for he has several of these curious and attractive furnaces and selling-booths all over the Grounds. We present this week a sketch of a man at work roasting corn over a fire—the women selling the flimsy but attractive grain prepared in this way, the men roasting, the piles of baskets filled with the round, red-and-white balls of the much-sought-after pop-corn. The booth in Machinery Hall is crowded all day, and thus shows the attractiveness of this exhibitor's peculiar wares and machinery.

"OHIO DAY."

CENTENNIAL PICTURES OF RUSTIC ENJOYMENT.

AS the last moments of the World's Fair at Philadelphia approach, and the time draws near when the glitter, the opulent splendor, the fantastic coloring, the exquisite specialties, will become but the broken bits of tinted glass into which the crystal dream will shiver when the bells toll on the 10th of this month—as the fateful, sad November day floats towards us on the bosom of the river Time—the pressure, and particularly the rural pressure, upon the turnstiles at the various entrances becomes enormous. Those who have dallied with the idea of visiting the Centennial, thinking it a subject which could be safely deferred, now see their mistake, and throw themselves upon Philadelphia in a condition of idiotic haste. The hotels swarm again; again the billiard-tables blossom into beds. One hundred thousand visitors is the daily average, and that does not include the children at half-price, who would be up in arms were they left at home. "Pennsylvania Day" footed up, as regards the admissions, over 250,000. "New York State" had borne away the palm previously, and that it was that made the Quaker quake. Everybody in Philadelphia went on "Pennsylvania Day." Even that queer, dazed, sloppy maid-of-all-work, who persists in throwing tin-cups of water against the parlor window-panes, just as you are passing with your best hat on, was furnished out with fifty cents and contingent expenses, and told that if she did not put in a numerical appearance at the Fair she would be relegated to the intelligence-office.

Thursday of last week was "Ohio Day," not the meeting of the Cincinnati, but the State occasion set apart for the Centennial glorification of the Buckeye country. Governor Hayes was there. So were representatives of this paper, as will be seen. Approaching the grounds on that memorable morning, and resting as gracefully as possible upon one-half of the rear-brake attached to an excessively overloaded Walnut Street car, we perceived that Elm Avenue was in its usual state of hawkish activity. The den where the rattlesnakes are was in full blast, and the ghost-show was in the best of spirits. Hilarious was the Teuton with the ginger-snaps, and serene the vender of badges. But our eye rested fondly and exclusively upon one individual, who was extensively in the cane-trade. On his asseveration that the heads of the canes contained micro-copic art displays, each prairie delegate industriously applied his buccolic eye to the orifice, and remained in that rapt position long enough to be sketched. The tiny pictures must have been satisfactory, for there was a big run on the walking-canes.

Waiting at the window of the Centennial Bank for what the country is waiting now—change—we saw for the first time, in a number of visits, a jaunting-car—a regular Irish jaunting-car. Was it on account of the inherent antipathy entertained by the Celt for the African that the Milesian Jehu lashed his steed and sought to dislodge the holiday darkeys, who clung tenaciously to the knife-board as the strange vehicle clattered up the street, like a comet on wheels? We cannot tell; but if there has been a falling-off in the number of bell-boys at any of the Philadelphia hotels we know something about it.

All this time, the bands were playing inside the gates, and some of them outside of tune, the people were cheering, the flags were flying, and Governor Hayes was bowing and shaking hands with the people who crowded about him just as they crowd about the butter-head in the Women's Department, the huntress, the Colorado structure, or the Chinese bedstead in the Main Building. He was the latest article on exhibition, and everybody wanted to see him. More than that, everybody wanted to have a hand in wishing him good-day. Quite naturally the crush was tremendous. The Ohio Building became the focus of interest for the one hundred and very odd thousand people who swarmed about the grounds.

Thus it came about that the police could scarcely keep the throng from doing injury to its component parts, and thus it came about that Mrs. Reichenbach, from Kutztown, near Reading, Berks County, Pa.—a lady whose son-in-law is extensively engaged in the manufacture of sausages—playfully put her ample shoulders against the pushing mass and tried to stay its progress.

Alas for the sausage business! Alas for the family of Reichenbach. The tidal wave burst upon her, swept over her, threw her into the arms of a newly married and very timid policeman, washed

her under the table among the cuspidors, floated her out again, slammed her up against a door, and finally, after many eddying, brought her face to face with his Excellency, Governor Hayes, her fat hand extended for the "shake," and her wrecked bonnet obscuring the upper part of her inflamed Teutonic face.

Even State days come to an end, having no more allotment of hours than plebeian dies. So did this one. The hundred thousand odd people, after hurrying and lurching, after looking at the pretty woman in the Algerian bazaar, and riding giddily about the screaming railway, after gazing in awe at the Corliss engine and buying a ball of pop-corn—the hundred thousand people began to flow through the exit gates. As we turned to go from the Ohio Building, we saw a young gentleman entering his name upon the State book. He was a country swell of the most genuine type, and the aggressiveness of his cross-roads store-clothes manifested itself in every seam. As he pot-hooked his name, and flourished the village he hailed from, his every action seemed to be eloquent with the importance which he attached to his visit. It seemed to be a matter of doubt in his mind as to which was the greatest man that Ohio had sent as representatives—himself or General Hayes.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Wire Ropes of Phosphor Bronze are much employed in the hoisting-apparatus of mines in Europe. Such wire-ropes are much stronger and more durable than those of iron and steel.

Production of Bullion in Nevada.—The daily yield of the bonanza mines amounts to 1,150 tons—500 from the California, and the balance from the Consolidated Virginia. The two mines now yield the enormous amount of \$3,000,000 a month, estimating the ore at \$100 a ton.

Population of Russia.—It is anticipated that the population of Russia in 1883 will amount to 90,000,000. At the last census there were eighty-five millions, apportioned among religions, as follows: Fifty-nine millions Greek Church, eight millions Roman Catholics, four millions Protestants, three millions Jews, and seven millions Mohammedans.

Adulterations of Wine.—Since the introduction of aniline colors, falsifiers of wine have found cheap and ready means for giving any desirable shade to red wines. The most common pigment used is fuchsine, and as this is notoriously a violent poison, its use is in the highest degree reprehensible. It is said that two chemists, MM. Lailville and Roy, have prepared a test paper, called "Anokrine," by means of which the slightest trace of aniline colors in wine can at once be detected.

Poison in Preserved Meats.—Professor Bouchardat, of Paris, in a report recently submitted to the Prefect of Police, pointed out that a specimen of ham, said to be imported from Cincinnati, was enveloped in a cloth saturated with a yellow substance, which on examination proved to be chromate of lead, a most deadly poison. By a decree of the police, the hams thus enveloped were seized and buried under ground, and all future supplies interdicted. The professor suggests that tumeric, which yields a fine yellow color and is entirely innocuous, ought to be substituted for chromate of lead as a yellow dye.

Affraid of Science.—A decided sensation has recently been produced in Germany by the inopportune action of the authorities of the city of Aix-la-Chapelle towards the German Association for the Advancement of Science. The scientific men of Aix proposed to invite the Association to meet there next year; but, previous to doing so, it was necessary to obtain the consent of the Mayor and Common Council. The application was flatly refused, as the majority of the Council were Roman Catholics, and they objected to the presence of undevout evolutionists in their city. They evidently feared that Huxley or Tyndall might take a run on to the Continent next year, and they thought it wise to anticipate such a calamity by closing the gates of the city in advance.

Superiority of American Photographs.—Professor H. Vogel, President of the Berlin Photographic Society, and who was one of the Judges at Philadelphia, reached home on the 8th of September. At the meeting of the society over which he presides, held September 15th, Dr. Vogel gave an interesting account of his visit to the United States, and in the course of his remarks took occasion to speak in the highest terms of the specimens of photographic art exhibited by our artists. Specimens of crayon pictures by Kurtz and cabinet pictures by Sarnoy, were exhibited to the members of the society and were much admired. Dr. Vogel was of the opinion that in photographic enlargement in Rembrandt styles, and in crayon pictures, our American artists were in advance of their European competitors. With such encouragement, our artists ought not to fail to make a good show at the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

Transmitting Sound by Electricity.—At the Glasgow meeting of the British Association, Sir William Thomson gave an account of the apparatus invented by Mr. Graham Bell, of Boston, by means of which the sound of the voice could be transmitted over copper wires. He stated that the words were spoken in a clear and loud voice by Professor Watson, of Ann Arbor, at the far end of the telegraph-wire, holding his mouth to a stretched membrane, carrying a little piece of soft iron, which was thus made to perform in the neighborhood of an electro-magnet in circuit with the line motions proportional to the sound-waves of the air. Professor Watson read from a New York paper, "The S. S. Coz has arrived," "The Senate has resolved to print a thousand extra copies," "The Americans in London have resolved to celebrate the coming Fourth of July." All of these sentences were distinctly heard by Sir William Thomson at the other end of the line, and carefully noted for comparison. Since the departure of Professor Thomson from this country the experiments have been repeated in Boston over several miles of wire with perfect success. It is truly a wonderful invention.

The Discovery of the New Metal Gallium Predicted.—In 1869 the Russian chemist, M. Mendelief, after a profound mathematical comparison of the atomic weight of the known elements, predicted that two missing links in the series would ultimately be found. His prediction has, in part, since been proved correct by the recent discovery in France of the metal Gallium. Mendelief said in 1869: "The new metal will form a sesquioxide" (Gallium yields a sesqui-oxide); "the specific gravity of the metal will be 5.9" (the specific gravity of the Gallium is 5.9); "it will be solid and melt at a very low temperature" (Gallium melts at 86° F.); "the new metal will be discovered by spectral analysis" (Gallium was discovered by means of the spectroscopic). Other properties of the unknown metal were predicted by Mendelief, but as sufficient gallium could not be prepared to extend the research any further, we cannot say how far the Russian chemist has anticipated the laboratory work of his French colleague, M. Lecoq. The other metal predicted by Mendelief has not yet been discovered. It will have its place somewhere between silicon and titanium. Many chemists are diligently searching for it, and they will find it before many years. M. Mendelief was in Philadelphia last Summer, and was received with great attention by all of the scientific men who were fortunate enough to hear of his presence in this country.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The King of Italy recently went to Florence expressly to meet and welcome the Empress Eugénie.

Dr. Howard Crosby, Chancellor of the University of the City of New York, has been confined to his bed for several days by illness.

The Princess of Wales is one of the principal heirs of the late Queen-Dowager Josephine of Sweden, who left a fortune of \$5,500,000.

General Zach, the Servian leader, who has been suffering for some time from a wound received in battle, has had one of his feet amputated.

Miss Maria Mitchell, who was graduated in the Class of 1869 at Bates College, Lewiston, Me., has been elected Professor of Languages in Vassar College.

Mr. Val Prinsep is commissioned to proceed to India to paint a great historical picture of the proclamation of the empire at Delhi. The artist is to receive £5,000 for his work and £1,000 for expenses.

The widow of Dr. Rimbault, a celebrated musical antiquary of London, has received an offer for the purchase of the doctor's library from an American gentleman, who wishes to present it to the Boston Public Library.

Mr. E. E. FERRY, of the United States Coast Survey, is at work with a number of hands preparing to build an observatory on the top of Moore's Knob, near Piedmont Springs, in Stokes County, North Carolina.

By some strange oversight Lord Lytton left London for India without being sworn in as a Privy Councillor, and thus stands almost alone among the great State officials, and can only by courtesy lay claim to the title of "right honorable."

The date of the liberty of the Claimant from Dartmoor Prison will be deferred, by reason of his having been punished for a breach of discipline. He has consequently lost his privileges and his time again, and has been reduced to a lower class.

Mrs. Chamberlain, the wife of the Governor of South Carolina, was a clerk in the United States Treasury Department before her marriage, six years ago. Her father, who died before her war, was at one time the United States District Attorney for Massachusetts.

Governor Bagley, of Michigan, has offered to subscribe five hundred dollars towards the purchase of the Michigan State Building at the Centennial Grounds and for its removal to the grounds of Michigan University at Ann Arbor, where it is proposed to use it as an art gallery.

East Granby, Conn., is somewhat elated at having been the birthplace and residence of ancestors of both Presidential candidates. Tilden is a great grandson, on his mother's side, of Luke Thrall, an old East Granbyite, while Hayes is a lineal descendant of Daniel Hayes, one of the early settlers of the town.

The excavations at Olympia were resumed in September, but they cannot be prosecuted with vigor till after the termination of the harvest. Dr. Hirschfeld and the Greek Commissioner are making preparations for the winter campaign. Professor Curtius was expected to reach Greece this month, when he will assume direction of the excavations.

The late Judge Bellows, of St. Albans, Vt., bequeathed \$100,000 in Government bonds to establish a college at St. Albans, and gave his homestead as a site for the institution. Whenever the accumulated interest of the bonds shall equal the principal \$50,000 are to be used to change the house into a suitable college building, and the remaining \$150,000 are to become a permanent endowment.

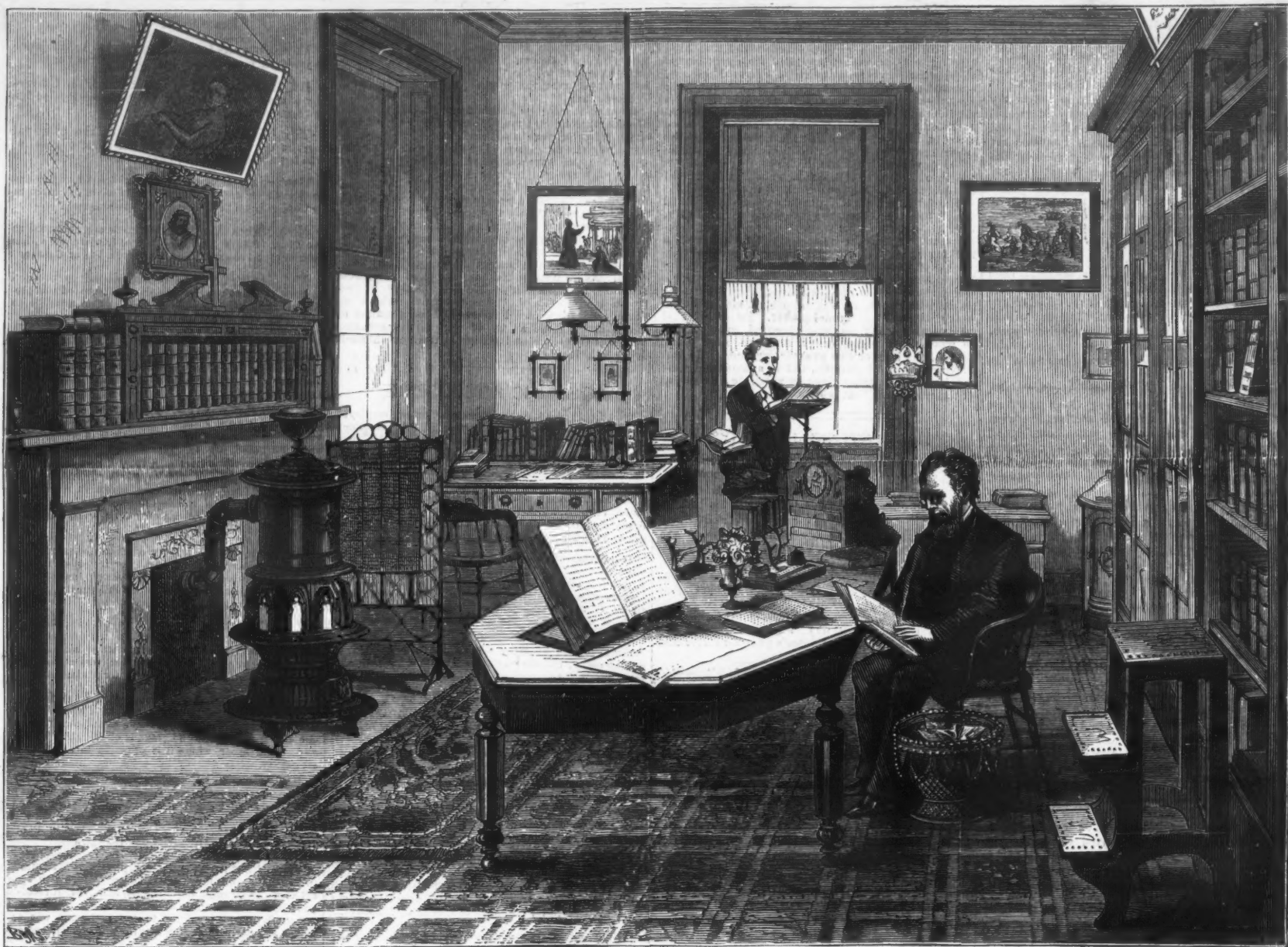
King George I. of Greece is preparing a book on the "Bees of Hymettus," and has made a collection of ninety different sorts of honey from various countries. He expects to prove that the famed honey of Hymettus was inferior to Danish honey. His Majesty has a special fondness for birds. Among others he has five trained magpies and a gigantic tame vulture named Miltides, which, he takes pride in stating, were all tamed by himself.

Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian Premier, is noted for his abstemious habits. He never drinks wine and never smokes. He drinks a cup of coffee in bed before rising, and eats but two meals a day. Retiring very early in the evening he sleeps ten or twelve hours. His regular habits have kept his frame in such excellent condition that he does not feel the infirmities of old age at all. He was born in 1798, entered upon his diplomatic career under Count Nesselrode, and became the Foreign Minister of Russia at the close of the Crimean campaign.

The Archduchess Christina, daughter of the late Archduke Charles Ferdinand and Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria, has just been installed Abbess of the Convent of Noble Ladies. This post has been vacant since the year 1852. The ceremony of installation, which was highly interesting, on account of its being the performance of a very ancient rite, was celebrated in the presence of several members of the Imperial family and a numerous attendance of lay and ecclesiastical dignitaries. The new lady abbess is a niece of the Queen of the Belgians, and is only eighteen years of age.

The Czarowitz of Russia, who is about to visit Vienna, Berlin and London to endeavor to secure unanimous action of the Great Powers in the Eastern problem, belongs to the war-like "Old Russia" party, instead of the internal development party favored by the Czar. The German influences at the Russian Court are regarded by him with dislike and disfavor. He is far from being friendly with his cousins, the Prussian princes, and during the late war was a frankly outspoken partisan of France, while his father was well-known to have sympathized with the Germans. He is of medium height, very solidly built, and possesses far more enterprise and energy than his father. In March last it was reported that the Czar was disposed to retire from the throne, being weary of the cares of government, and to appoint the Czarowitz regent. Should war now be declared it is very probable that this intention will be carried into effect.

Captain James W. Piper, of the Fifth Regiment of United States Artillery, died October 30th, at Carlisle, Pa., of pneumonia. Captain Piper was appointed a lieutenant in 1861 in Captain Smead's battery of that regiment, and by his energy and quick judgment speedily earned for himself a high reputation as an efficient officer. Shortly before the death in action of his gallant commander, he was seriously wounded, at Mechanicsville, and his system, naturally slight and delicate, never recovered from the shock. He served several years as regimental adjutant under the lamented Colonel H. S. Burton, attaining his captaincy in 1866. During the past few years Captain Piper has been on duty at the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe. He was recently ordered to Florida, and was on leave of absence at the time of his death. He was married in 1863 to a daughter of the late Captain E. C. Ross, of the Fourth Artillery, Professor of Mathematics at West Point and later at Kenyon College, Ohio, and the Free Academy in New York city.



THE PASTOR'S STUDY IN THE CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS, NEW YORK CITY.

THE REV. CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D. OF THE CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS.

THE Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., pastor of the Church of the Strangers, of New York City, was born in Baltimore, Maryland, December 4th, 1820. His father was a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and gave his son the advantages of the best education the neighborhood and times afforded. While quite young, Dr. Deems experienced conversion, and became deeply interested in the tenets of the denomination to which his father belonged. Having determined to devote himself to the ministry, he entered Dickinson College, and pursued his studies with such assiduity that he was enabled to graduate when eighteen years of age. During his senior year he was licensed as an itinerant minister, and immediately after leaving college he came to New York City, and while continuing his studies he preached with much acceptability in several local churches. When twenty years of age he received the appointment of General Agent of the American Bible Society, and selecting North Carolina as the field of his labors, he repaired thither and prosecuted his duties until called to the University of North Carolina as Adjunct Professor of Logic and Rhetoric. He filled this position for five years, and then accepted the chair of Natural Science in Randolph Macon College, in Virginia, holding it, however, but a year. Upon his return to North Carolina, he was elected a delegate to the General Conference at St. Louis, and while on duty there, he was chosen President of the Greensboro' Female College, North Carolina. He remained at the head of this institution for five years, and then returned to the more particular work of the ministry. In 1858 he was again elected a delegate to the General Conference, and also President of the Centenary College, in Louisiana. During the ensuing seven years he received the appointment of Presiding Elder of the Wilmington District, made a visit to Europe, declined the Professorship of History in the University of North Carolina, accepted the gift of a fine college building tendered by the citizens of Wilson County, North Carolina, and organized a male and female school there. In December, 1865, Dr. Deems again came to New York City, where he engaged for a time in literary labors, completing in his leisure his admirable "Life of Jesus" and establishing a weekly religious paper. A year later he began preaching to "strangers" in the chapel of the New York University, where his success was so great and his religion so catholic in spirit, that he attracted the attention of Commodore Vanderbilt, who, in 1870, bought the property of the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church and settled it upon Dr. Deems for life, with the trustees as residuary legatees. Dedication exercises were held October 2d and 9th, and from that time the congregation has steadily increased in numbers, influence and wealth, until it now ranks as one of the chief in the great city. Although the recipient of frequent invitations to assume the presidency of various educational institutions, Dr. Deems has invariably declined to withdraw from the field in which his distinguished abilities are thoroughly appreciated, and in which he is unostentatiously working so much good.

In 1852 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Randolph Macon College, and was known as the youngest D.D. in America. He has attained remarkable popularity as a lecturer and author. In all his dealings with religious matters he is exceedingly liberal in opinion, and in private

life he is one of the most urbane and companionable of gentlemen.

Dr. Deems is under the medium height, sparely made, though compact and well-proportioned. He has a fair complexion, gray eyes, high forehead. Possessing a nervous, impulsive temperament, he is quick to form conclusions, and most enthusiastic in developing his plans. As a writer and speaker he has few equals. His mind is at once far-reaching, logical and eminently practical. He enjoys great popularity in the South, and has long been re-

garded as one of the foremost theologians and public men in the Methodist Church. In projecting and sustaining the Church of the Strangers upon an orthodox and liberal basis, he entered upon an equally important work in a new section with his accustomed zeal, piety and devotedness. With his numerous engrossing cares, he has found time within the last few weeks to take a leading part in the movement for the establishment of a Church of the Strangers at Greenwood Lake, N. J., upon the basis of the one in New York

City, which has thrived wonderfully under his ministrations. He is one of the hardest-working men in the great metropolis.



REV. CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D., PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS, NEW YORK CITY.

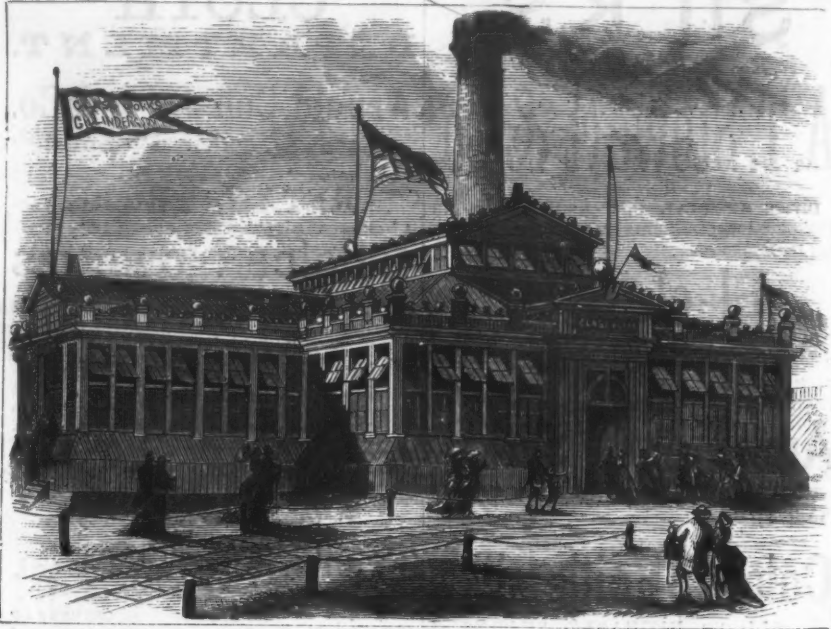
A Lofty Feature of the Exposition of 1878.

VISITORS to the Paris Exhibition of 1867 may remember a captive-balloon of large size on the Champ de Mars. This was the first captive-balloon that had been maneuvered by means of a steam-engine, the balloon itself having been 176,660 feet in capacity, and capable of rising eight hundred feet above the ground. This was at the time considered a great aerostatic triumph, and was due to M. Henry Giffard, the inventor of the well-known "injector," from which invention, for many years past, he has been in the enjoyment of a handsome fortune. The organizers of the Philadelphia Exhibition asked M. Giffard, we believe, to construct a similar balloon for the great Centenary display, but the wealthy Frenchman would not listen to the proposal, as he wished to reserve an aerostatic surprise for the visitors to the next International Exhibition of Paris.

M. Giffard has devised the construction of a balloon for 1878 which will far surpass any effort made in this direction, and which will, no doubt, be one of the most popular attractions at the forthcoming Exhibition. The plans were submitted to the Commissioners of the Exhibition by M. G. Tissandier, who has just published some of the details of construction. This new balloon will be formed of a resisting material, solid, absolutely impermeable to hydrogen gas, manufactured of alternate sheets of linen and caoutchouc, protected externally by several layers of varnish, and coated with white paint to diminish the effects of the sun's rays. This balloon will have a capacity of nearly 710,000 cubic feet, and will form an immense sphere, the greatest ever constructed, the diameter of which will not be less than 112 feet. By means of a system of valves it will be managed with the greatest ease. When moored to the ground, the balloon will form a monumental dome 166 feet high, exceeding by 15 feet the Arch de Triomphe. The balloon itself will weigh 8,800 pounds, and to join the pieces together of which it is composed will take four miles of sewing, with twenty-two miles of thread.

The car of the balloon will form a gallery fifty feet in circumference. A circular space in the centre, of ten feet in diameter, will be reserved; in the centre of this space the cable, a powerful rope of ten inches in circumference, will be joined to the upper circle by means of an apparatus which will constantly indicate the ascending power of the balloon. This aerial machine will be held to the earth by eight cables, attached to iron rings securely fixed in masonry, and will be suspended above a vast conical basin. The car will be reached by two movable gangways and from forty to fifty persons will be taken on board at each ascent. The cable will descend to the bottom of the conical basin, and, by means of a secure system of wheels, will be carried along a tunnel to be worked by an engine of two hundred horsepower. This cable will be 1,730 feet in length.

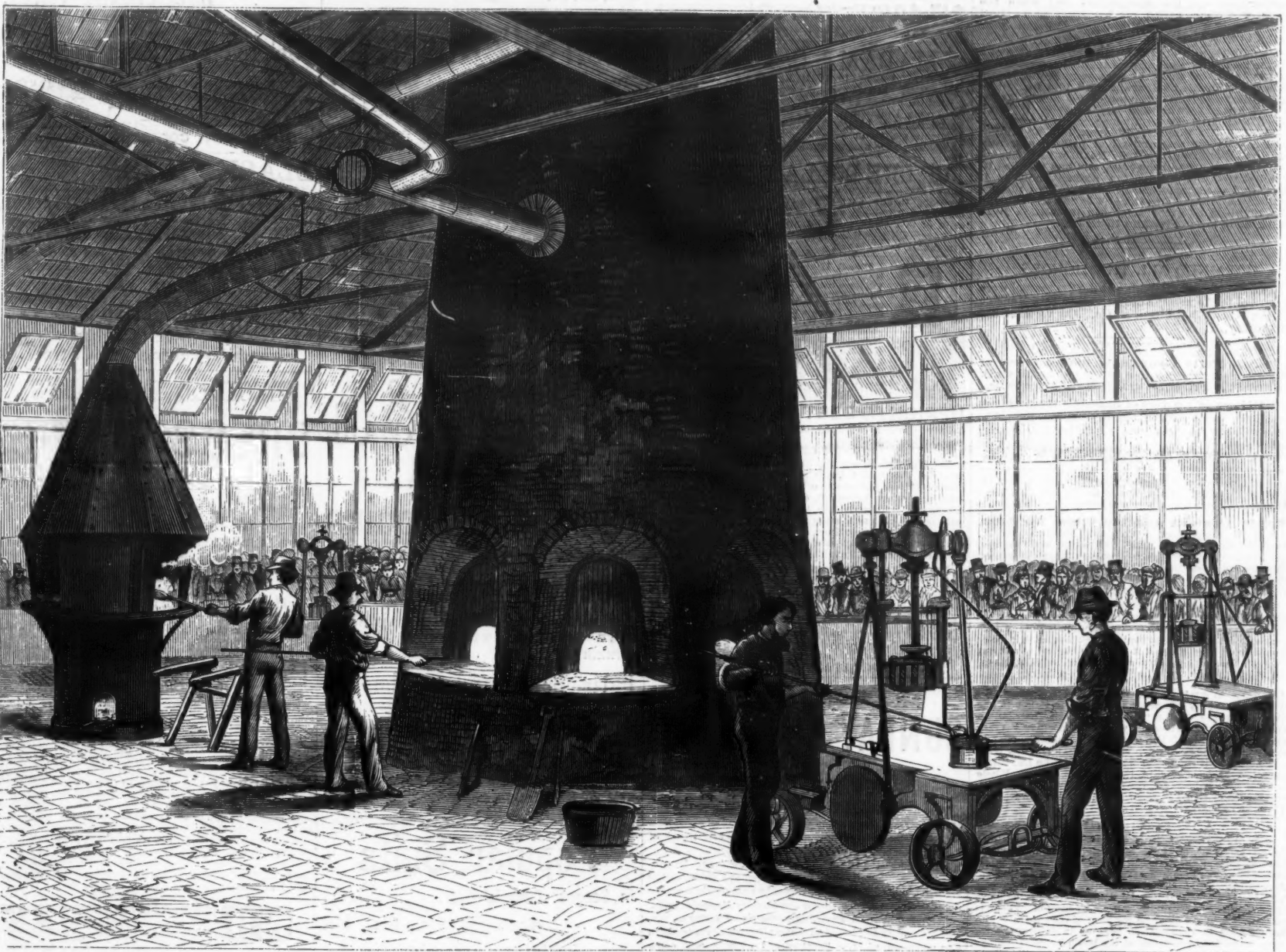
The captive-balloon will be placed in the centre of a circular inclosure 333 feet in diameter. It will tower above the beautiful gardens, and will form the most elevated dome in the Champ de Mars. The completion of this aerial monster is looked forward to with great interest by many of the most scientific men of the day.



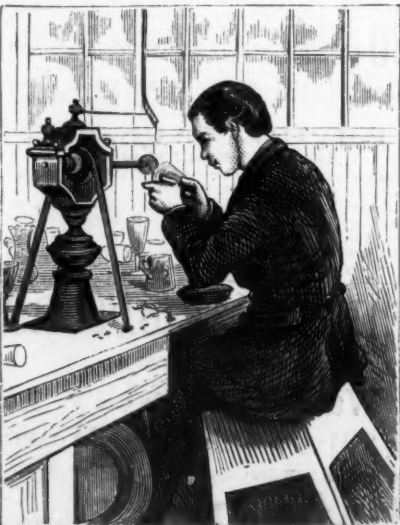
THE GLASS-WORKS ON THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS.



ANNEALING GLASS.



MELTING-FURNACE.



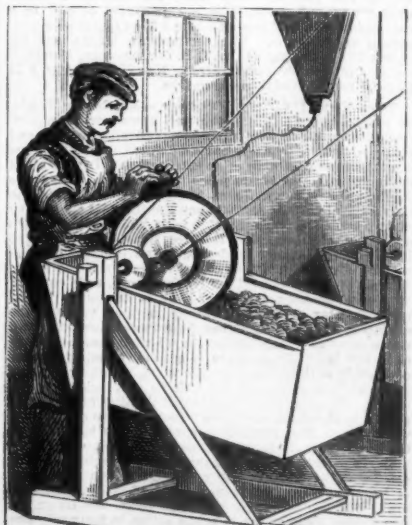
ENGRAVING GLASS.



HORIZONTAL BUFFING-MILL.



GLASS-BLOWING.



GLASS-CUTTING FRAME.

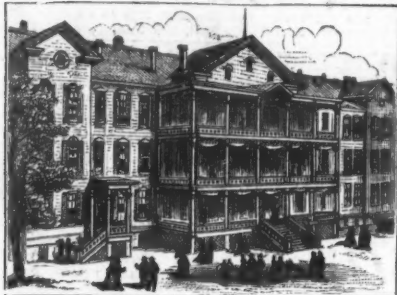
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FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 175.

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SUPPLEMENT TO FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 18, 1876.

[SUPPLEMENT GRATIS.]

THE TURCO-SERVIAN WAR.

The real antagonists looming up ominously behind Turkey and Serbia, the combatants in this war, are Russia and England, as great Oriental Powers. The Eastern Question, with all its ramifications, is thus involved in the Turco-Servian conflict, which, at almost any moment during the last four months, has been liable to break out into a general European war, with momentous consequences all over the world. In the actual limitations of the case, however, the accompanying careful map will suffice for our immediate purpose.

The Russian Empire comprises about one-half of Europe and nearly a third part of Asia. It has been summarily described as reaching more than half-way round the globe, and embracing about a seventh of the entire land surface of the earth. Our map shows a portion of Russia in Europe, as bounded on the west by Austria, Prussia, the Baltic Sea, and Sweden, and on the south by the Caucasus Mountains, the Black Sea, Turkey and Austria. It also shows Turkey in Europe, with its provinces, tributary and subject: Roumania (composed of Moldavia and Wallachia) and Servia, specially designated as the Danubian principalities, together with Bulgaria, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Bulgaria, Roumelia, Macedonia, Albania, and Thessaly; portions of Turkey in Asia and of Turkey in Africa, with a bit of the Isthmus of Suez, the virtual possession of which is just as important to Queen Victoria, the Empress of India, as Constantinople, and, perhaps, more valuable; Greece and the Grecian Archipelago, and a strip of Italy. The railroad from St. Petersburg, via Moscow, would seem to make the route to Constantinople, which Russia has so long wished to travel, comparatively plain and easy. But, in fact, it has been well demonstrated that there are many practical obstacles in the way, and that even if the whole Russian army available for European warfare were concentrated in Bessarabia, the southernmost province of Russia towards the Danube, there is no direct road from Russia into Servian, or even into Turkish, territory. Between Bessarabia and the Danube lie Moldavia and Wallachia, making Roumania a fender between any advance of the Russians from Bessarabia and the Turkish province of Bulgaria. Moldavia and Wallachia are peopled by a Latin race, having little or no sympathy with the Slavonic populations of Bosnia and Servia. The neutrality of Roumania is guaranteed by the great powers of Europe, and the instinct of self-preservation would lead to its maintenance. North of Bosnia and Servia, and of Wallachia itself, lie the territories of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and through these Russia could not find a way, at least unopposed, to take part in any conflict on the Danube. Captain Hozier asserts that even if such a line of advance were open, it would not, in a military point of view, be desirable to advance from Warsaw through the Carpathian Mountains toward Belgrade. To violate the neutrality of Roumania would be a political mistake, as it would enlist against Russia the sympathies of entire Western Europe. Moreover, the only alternative of embarking the Russian forces on board transports and conveying them by sea to any point chosen for attack in the Turkish Empire, in order to extend Russian territories towards the Sea of Marmora, would at once bring Russia into collision with England, which has the most powerful fleet in the world. Much more quickly than an army could be concentrated, and than vessels could be assem-

bled for its transportation from either Odessa, or Sebastopol, or Nicolief, an English fleet, irresistible in strength, could be in the Black Sea, and could render it impossible for the convoy to put to sea without imminent danger of total destruction.

This, at least, is the not unwarranted conviction of all Englishmen, and they are equally convinced that the possibilities of the Mediterranean ever

which would have proved successful but for the humiliating conditions submitted to by Leo the Philosopher. Even then the prediction—which, down to our own time, has often been on the eve of fulfillment—had been made that the Russians would one day take possession of Constantinople. "For two centuries the Russo-Norman grand-princes waged war," says Karl Blind, "in order to unite

But his invasion of Moldavia and Wallachia occasioned the successful Crimean campaign of the Allies against Russia. Miled as Nicholas then was by the apparent attitude of England, and overborne by the sympathy of the Empress of Russia, the Czarowitz and Prince Gortschakoff with the so-called National or Pan-Slavist party in Russia, the Emperor Alexander lifted his voice with the voices of Mr. Gladstone and the English bishops, and the dissenting ministers of England, and of Victor Hugo, "in the name of humanity," protesting against the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria, and all but declaring his intention to head a crusade for the expulsion of the Turks from Europe and the conquest of Constantinople.

The "Secret Societies" alluded to by Lord Beaconsfield have long been fomenting discontent among the Christians of the Turkish provinces, in the interest of the Pan-Slavist party in Russia. They had encouraged such enthusiasts as Mico Ijiribobatch, the Herzegovinian Garibaldi, who began his career as an agitator in 1855, and the Archimandrite Pelagitch, who, in 1871, devoted himself to the liberation of his oppressed fellow-countrymen, traveling everywhere, and eloquently haranguing them throughout Montenegro, Herzegovina and Servia. The official report of Mr. Baring, the British Commissioner appointed to investigate the Bulgarian horrors so thoroughly exposed by Mr. Schuyler, of the American Legation, and Mr. McGahan, correspondent of the London Daily News, disclose the fact that the conspiracy which led to the revolt in Bulgaria was formed fourteen years ago by the Bulgarian Committee at Bucharest. It was slow work to fire the Bulgarian heart, and the revolt did not break out until last Spring, upon a predetermined day, May 1st. It was then accompanied by atrocities against the Turks no less appalling than those which the Bashi-Bazouks and other irregular troops inflicted in retaliation upon the Bulgarians. The Turkish authorities have been constrained to arrest and subject to trial a number of the officers of those irregular troops, and to distribute large sums for the relief of their suffering victims.

The ultimatum of Prince Milan, which, on the 29th of June last, was presented by the Servian agent at Constantinople to the Grand Vizier, was tantamount to a declaration of war. The apparent object of Servia was to obtain from Turkey the administration of Bosnia. It is probable that the Servian note was intended to provoke the Turks into taking the initiative by attacking the Servian troops, and thus placing themselves in the wrong in the eyes of Europe. But the device was unsuccessful. On the 2d of July, the Servian forces crossed the frontier, and on the same day the troops of the principality of Montenegro also entered upon the campaign, quitting the Montenegrin territory and penetrating into Bosnia. The Turco-Servian war was thus fairly begun, and during the past four months the newspapers of Europe and America have been filled with contradictory reports of its progress. The deposition of two Sultans has enhanced the interest of the narrative.

In the midst of a series of decisive victories, the Turks must have been surprised to receive, suddenly, an ultimatum from Russia, summoning them to grant, within forty-eight hours, a two months' armistice, upon the formal assurance that Servia would accept it. Servia has accepted it. The armistice was signed on the 1st of November; hostilities have been suspended, and Europe is awaiting further developments.

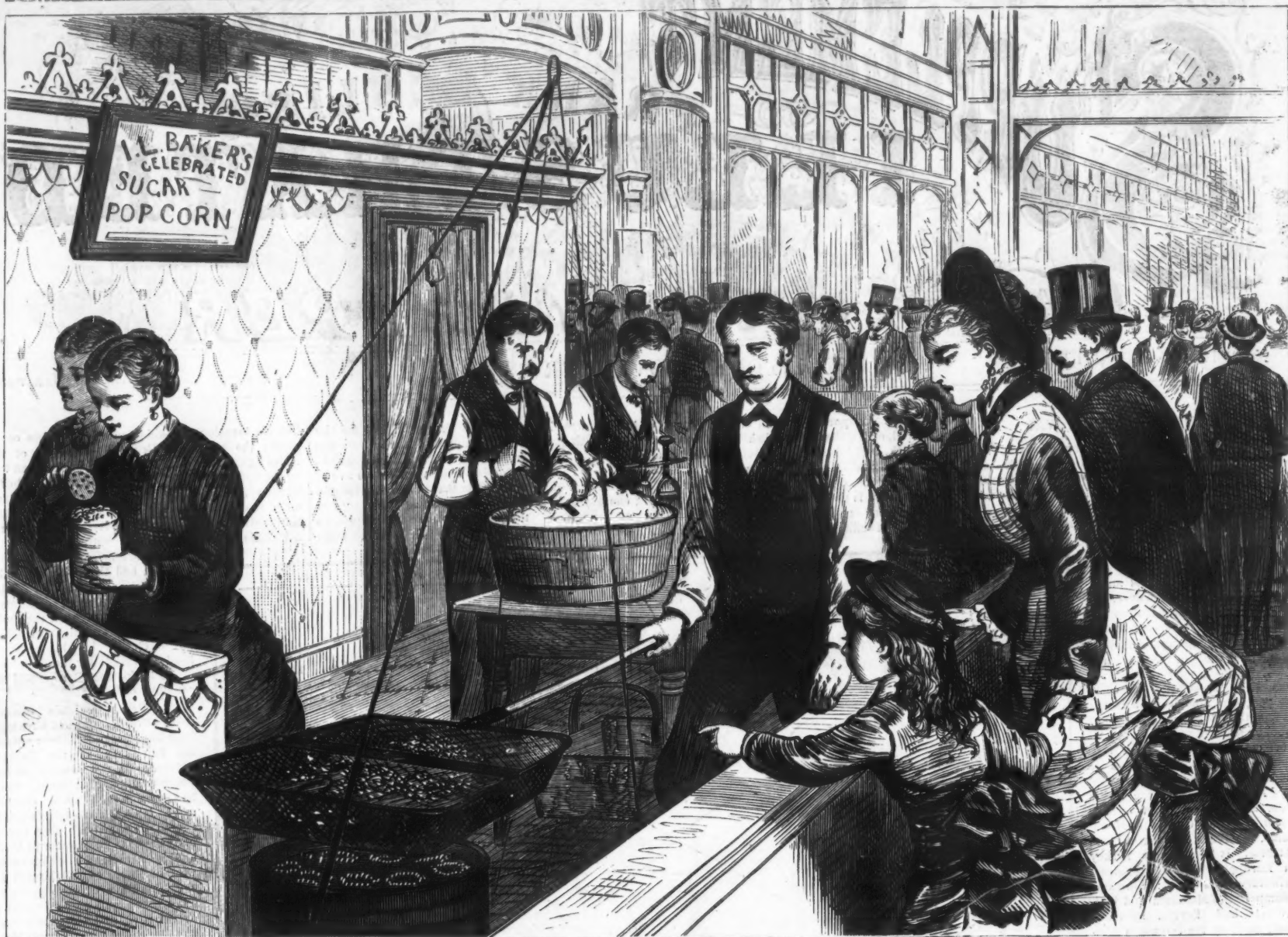


MAP OF RUSSIA, TURKEY, ETC.

being transformed into a Russian sea, or of a Russian army's ever imperiling, by means of an overland, roundabout march, the British hold upon the Isthmus of Suez, are alike too dim and distant to awaken serious apprehensions.

More than a thousand years ago—in 865—the pagan predecessors of Peter the Great anticipated the policy of his alleged will, and tried to take Constantinople. In 907 another attempt was made,

the golden tiara of Byzantium with their own crown. The annexation of the Balkan Peninsula, the dominion over the Black Sea, the subjugation of the Caucasus, were striven for at that period by the Russian despots. In their efforts may be seen the prototype of modern autocratic yearnings. The late Emperor Nicholas eagerly seized upon the quarrel over the keys of the holy places in Jerusalem as a pretext for his war-cry in 1853, "On to Constantinople!"



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—AN EXHIBITOR MANUFACTURING POP-CORN BALLS IN MACHINERY HALL.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 179.

THE SOUVENIRS.

TEN THOUSAND TO BE GIVEN AWAY TO SUBSCRIBERS—A DESCRIPTION OF THEM AS THEY ARE.

THE numerous placards of neat appearance, although conspicuous in the clearness with which they inform the Centennial visitor, "Sold for the Frank Leslie Centennial Souvenir Distribution," appended to many of the most curious and valuable articles of foreign manufacture in the Main Building, Carriage Annex, etc., have now become distinctive features of the closing days of the Exhibition. People are, of course, curious to know what this "Souvenir Distribution" means, and all the more so when they notice that many of the most choice of the salable articles have thus been removed from the reach of their purses. Such curious ones—and if the crowds which throng Frank Leslie's pretty little cottage on the romantic Exhibition Lake (within a stone's throw of the western end of Machinery Hall) are any criterion, there are many such—such curious ones are referred by the exhibitors, or by the placards, or still again by the printed prospectuses of Mr. Leslie, to the Pavilion on the Lake, or to the "Public Comfort" stands, the Transcontinental and Globe Hotels, John Trenwith's, 608 Chestnut Street, William D. Allen's canvassers, or Allen & Johnson's canvassers, all in Philadelphia; or to the various "Frank Leslie" Agencies throughout the United States, or to the Home Office, 537 Pearl Street, New York City. Inquiry at any of these places will disclose that Mr. Leslie, in order to do his full share towards enabling the foreign exhibitors to sell their goods at a fair price before the "sacrifices" of the last days of the Exhibition overwhelm them, has purchased a large number of these exhibits at Exhibition prices, and intends presenting them to the subscribers to his various publications.

THE FREE DISTRIBUTION

Of these handsome mementoes of the Centennial Exhibition is to be made in series of 10,000 articles each, among 10,000 subscribers, thus giving every patron of his a souvenir. As the first series is now nearly completed, the first distribution among the subscribers will be made within ten days, and each person will be at once notified of the character of his gift, and proper shipping directions asked. These souvenirs are especially appropriate when they accompany the special Centennial illustrated publication, "The Historical Register of the Centennial Exposition," a publication in ten parts of 32 pp. each, and each part illustrated with 80 engravings of the leading displays of Works of Art, New Inventions, Agricultural and Mineral Products, Scenes, Incidents and People at the Exhibition, State Receptions, Leading Buildings, Striking Exhibits, and, in fact, all the things one sees at the Centennial.

The advertisement in our last issue gave the details of this enterprise, and as the same has been profusely advertised throughout the whole United States and Canada, not only in the "Frank Leslie" publications, but also in the local papers in Philadelphia and throughout the country, and has met on every hand a most enthusiastic and substantial welcome, the favor of his former patrons, to say nothing of the overloaded lists of new subscribers that daily come in from the sub-agents, is more fully assured to Mr. Leslie than even the most sanguine could have expected.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE "MOHAWK DUTCHMAN" WOOD-SAWYER IN MACHINERY HALL.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 179.

As the first free distribution of the Centennial souvenirs will be made shortly after November 10th, the closing day of the Exposition, those who wish to secure this peculiar advantage before the Exhibition closes should subscribe at once, and in order that they may do so with a full knowledge of the character of the foreign exhibits to be distributed, our artists have taken accurate running sketches of many of them and reproduced some of them in this issue.

THE \$500 ENGLISH PHAETON.

At the head of the partial list of Souvenirs to be given away to all subscribers who record before the distribution stands an "Alexander" Phaeton, costing Mr. Leslie \$500, free of duty, manufactured by Roberts, of Manchester, England, in the southeastern end of the Carriage Annex, easily distinguishable by the continual knot of persons who are daily inspecting this handsome specimen of the skill of one of England's most famous carriage-builders—famous enough to have received no less than twenty medals of award for the excellence of his work. The long, graceful and easy body of the wagon, which holds four seats, is hung upon four elliptic springs of the latest finish and manufacture. Behind is placed the coachman's rumble seat, which is adjustable, and can be removed at pleasure. The body is artistically painted black, shaded with dark blue, and a fine line of English vermilion. The gear and wheels are painted with English vermilion, with a stripe of one broad line of light blue. The seats are covered with dark olive-green morocco, stitched with red, to harmonize with the body of the carriage, and a driving cushion awaits the head of the family when he desires to accompany the excursion of a lady and two children, for which the phaeton is best adapted. The driving-rail, as well as the lamps and the hub-bands, are handsomely mounted with silver, while the dashboard is substantially paneled. The whole establishment is well worth the value placed upon it by the exhibitor (\$500), and will attract admiring attention, whether destined to be driven for the comfort and pleasure of a lady and her children, either in the Central Park, of New York, or Fairmount Park, of Philadelphia; along the Newport or Saratoga drives, or at the seashore. Competent judges of "make and finish" of carriages pronounce this phaeton to be a model of good work.

THE MALACHITES OF THE URAL.

"A peculiar Russian industry," says the "Bayard Taylor" New York Tribune Extra, "which is abundantly and very beautifully displayed in the Main Building, is the manufacture of a variety of ornamental stones found in the Ural Mountains. Malachite, paper and lapis-lazuli are the materials mostly used. . . . The Malachite tables range from \$100 to \$1,000 in price."

The Malachite is a bi-carbonate of copper rarely found except in the mountains of South Africa and the Urals of Russia. The largest block (about five times as large as that exhibited in Philadelphia) ever taken from the quarries was contributed to the Paris Exposition of 1867 by Prince Paul Demidoff, one of the wealthiest of the Russian Boyars, and owner of the richest of the Ural quarries. This material, as may be seen in the Russian Section, is used in high ornamentation of vases, candelabra, paper-weights, jewel-boxes, pedestals for bronzes, and its veins of green and black, highly polished, attract

crowds daily. Indeed, so much is this rare material sought after, that it was with the utmost difficulty that a single handsome table of malachite and gold mountings could be secured even at the price of \$350. Besides this large article, the "Souvenir Distribution" will include other works in malachite, such as a vase of curious shape and high finish, sold at the Exhibition price of \$75. An agate casket for \$80 also attracts attention. A handsome malachite paper-weight at \$45; photograph-albums with malachite covers at \$20; a casket in malachite costing \$18, paper-weights, paper-cutters, sleeve-buttons, etc., all are visible in this section, and all having on them "Sold for the Frank Leslie Centennial Distribution."

THE RUSSIAN FURS.

As the visitor wanders through the foreign departments of the Main Building, on the southern side, Russia looms up prominently, after passing by the stately "España" on the one hand, and Austro-Hungary on the other. And among the most conspicuous objects here is the enormous stuffed bear—big enough to be the Great Bear himself—holding out in a soliciting attitude the loose skin of some wild fur-bearing animal of the countries of the Czar. This Big Bear is nothing more nor less than the trade-sign of the great Russian fur-house of Maurice Grünwald, of Riga, whose establishment was founded in 1848, where furs, muffs, caps, collars, carpets in mosaic patterns, of different skins, etc., are prepared, to the yearly value of from 800,000 to 1,000,000 roubles, under the hands of 150 workmen. In the splendid exhibit of this Russian department were to be found rare material for Centennial Souvenirs, in the shape of works of utility and art. The principal show-piece of this exhibit is a mosaic fur rug, composed of two thousand pieces



MOSAIC RUG IN THE RUSSIAN EXHIBIT IN THE MAIN BUILDING.

fox muffs and boas for \$20, ladies' sealskin caps for \$15, silver seal gents' waistcoats at \$11, ladies' fur caps and boas at \$10 and \$8, surcock-skin muffs at \$5

each, and caps with heads of different animals, complete the purchases in this section.

THE VIENNESE FANCY ARTICLES.

Purchases have also been made for the Distribution of the entire contents contained in two of the cases on exhibition in the Austro-Hungarian department of the Main Building. One of these comprises a Viennese specialty of work in Russian leather, which, in combination with gilt, silver and nickel, is made into a variety of beautiful articles—two hundred and eighty in number—including ink-stands, match-boxes, etc. These are the manufacture of Michael Seewald, artist in leather ornamental goods, of Vienna. The Centennial prize

was awarded to this exhibitor. The adjoining case of John Kuzel & C. Jankensky contains eighty-six of their beautiful articles of ornamental statu-

ettes, which obtained the prize at the Vienna Exposition and at this. The case is handsomely decorated, showing the articles to the best advantage, and is one of the most attractive features of that part of the Exhibition. An exquisitely carved vase of jet, and mounted with silver, not only supplies a jet-band with openings for holding cigars, but furnishes the smoker with a thermometer to register the heat of his smoking-room. Rustic inkstands represent funny old men in all kinds of positions—ringing a bell, blacksmithing, or sitting at the door, from which they invite the owner or guest either to smoke a cigar, light a match, or write a letter, all through the assistance of the rustic-roofed cottages. The whole, while apparently of wood, is of a much more substantial material. There are also several

ornaments for a Catholic oratory—the Virgin with the Child. One of the casements is inclosed with jet, surmounted by crosses, while another is an open pavilion, and is adorned with the silver cross. A dressing-case for a lady comprises a looking-glass, heavily inlaid with silver, and the necessary perfumery-bottles. Alongside of it is a companion-piece for a gentleman's toilet, accompanied with the figure of a young girl in a bathing-suit. An ornate old man, a correct likeness of one of the crew of Hendrick Hudson, as represented in "Rip Van Winkle," who holds in his hand an egg-shaped receptacle for matches. A cigar-holder is in the marine style, representing a ship-shaped holder, with silver sail set and gold pennant flying, resting upon a tripod of silver oars. The match-safe is represented by the steering apparatus of the ship, while the figure of a jolly Jack Tar takes a general survey. A French figure of a vicandiere, while tying her cravat, comforts the smoker with a match; while a bright Newfoundland dog performs the same duty in another figure. A young lady reclining in "flying-trapeze" costume

does duty for a paper-weight; while a lad whose face shows the struggles he undergoes while balancing a basket on top of a pile of books that rest on his shoulder gives another opportunity for the Viennese artist to show his skill in the variations of the match-holders. Even the cigar-ashes are taken care of in an elaborate manner. A golden-lined receptacle has a silver gun resting upon it to catch the ashes, while on the base are handsomely carved hunting scenes. A lighthouse scene furnishes cigar-holders among the breakwaters on the coast, while a fisherman holds the receptacle for a pipe, all handsomely carved out of jet; while next to it is a representation of the old oaken bucket drawing the tobacco from the well, all graced by a parlor thermometer; and so



MALACHITE TABLE IN THE RUSSIAN EXHIBIT IN THE MAIN BUILDING.



MALACHITE CARD CANDELABRUM IN THE RUSSIAN EXHIBIT IN THE MAIN BUILDING.



MALACHITE TABLE IN THE RUSSIAN EXHIBIT IN THE MAIN BUILDING.

of the rarest furs of the countries ruled over by the successor of Peter the Great. The marten, the otter, the sable, the silver fox, the lynx, the white fox, the mink, the ermine, the blue fox, and fifty other of the fur-bearing animals, contribute their quota to this remarkable exhibit. The rug was secured at the very moderate price of \$250, and would grace the wealthiest house in the land. Here also have been purchased for the "Souvenir Distribution" a lady's sealskin sacque at \$125, that would be chosen out of a hundred articles of the same description of home manufacture. A black sealskin sacque, at \$100, keeps together about it

constantly a cluster of admiring but disappointed lady-purchasers, for the "Sold for Frank Leslie," etc., is here, too, appended. A deer-antler hat-rack is sold at \$80, and so all through this large exhibit. A sable-fur-faced cloak is very curious, and betrays great patience and fine workmanship, and this, too, has the "Frank Leslie" mark upon it for \$85. Splendid sable muffs for \$75 and \$35, a silver sealskin sacque for \$72, a gold bear-muff and boa for \$35, black bear muffs and boas for \$20 each, Siberian

while a bright Newfoundland dog performs the same duty in another figure. A young lady reclining in "flying-trapeze" costume

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attractive features of the Spanish department in the Main Building. A remarkable article in this case, which the manufacturer claims to be the finest ever made of the kind, is a white lace mantilla, and his claim seems to be well founded. The design is exquisite and of a classic nature, while the mesh is as fine as a cobweb.

CORDED SILKS.

The black corded silks exhibited in a side aisle of the same department, which have also been secured as Souvenirs to be given away to subscribers, have deserved an award by the Judges, who recommend these silks for the homogeneity of the tissue and excellence of quality.



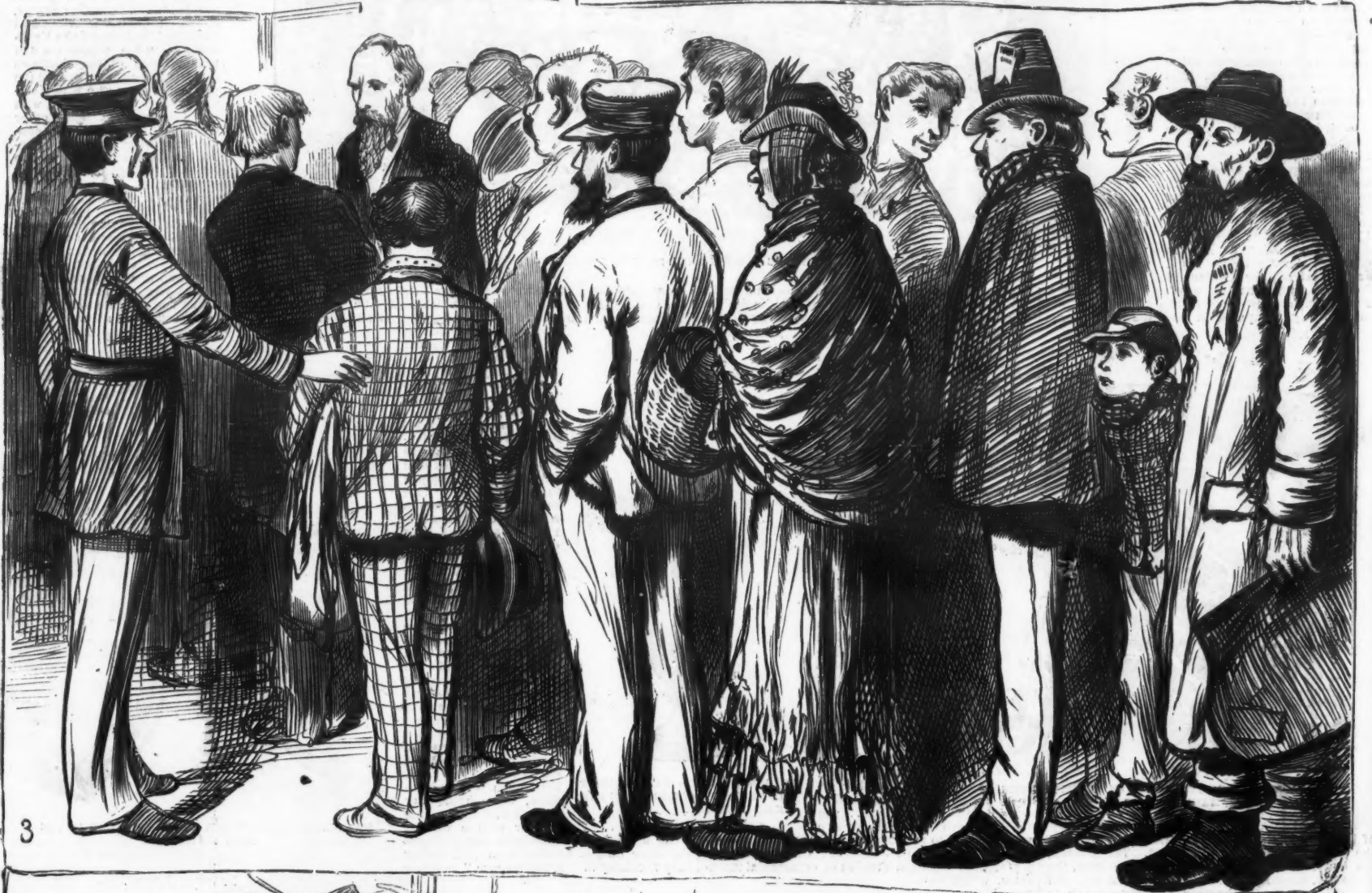
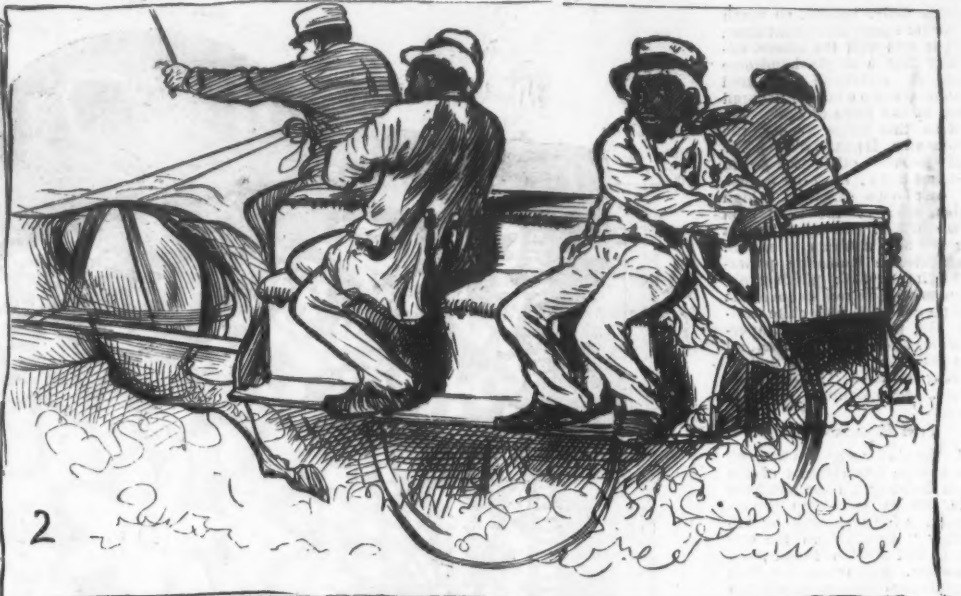
MALACHITE CLOCK IN THE RUSSIAN EXHIBIT IN THE MAIN BUILDING.



TERRA-COTTA FOUNTAIN IN THE BRITISH EXHIBIT IN THE MAIN BUILDING.



MALACHITE VASE IN THE RUSSIAN EXHIBIT IN THE MAIN BUILDING.



1. Buying Centennial Cane. 2. A Jaunting-car Ride. 3. Waiting to Shake Hands with the Governor. 4. Keeping Back the Crowd. 5. Registering in the State Book.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—"OHIO DAY," OCTOBER 26TH.—SEE PAGE 170.